- INSIDE -
MONSTERS
BATTLE FOR THE
BLOOD
OF THE
"OLD
VAMPIRE
LADY"
PSYCHO
T.M.
75¢ 47789 NO. 16 JAN 1974
A SKYWALD
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION

THE FREAKS OF HORROR HOTEL

are in the next issue of

NIGHTMARE

NUMBER 17 — ON SALE NEXT MONTH

OH MY GOD
...C'MON REED... WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE...
...WHAT'S THE MATTER?...
...WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING YET... ...WE ARE THEY LEAVING?...
...AND RIGHT NOW...
...A SCENE FROM THE NIGHT IN THE HORROR HOTEL BY JESUS DURAN...

. . . along with more horrors than you can shake a stick at, like:

THE BLACK SCULPTURE OF THE PHARAOHS by Ricardo Villamonte

THEM by Maro Nava

NOW - ANOTHER MANIAC by Maelo Cintron

THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD by Dela Rosa

...all CLASSICS -- miss 'em not...

and

THE BLACK CAT

by

EDGAR ALLAN POE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

PSYCHO

PUBLISHED BY ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

THE OLD VAMPIRE LADY

cover art by DOMINGO
story by ALAN HEWETSON and JESUS DURAN
PAGE 4 — our cover story of the weird old woman whose DAYDREAMS are almost as awful as her NIGHT-MARES . . .

THE SLITHER-SLIME PAGES

PAGE 14 — presenting a special COMICS OPINION by CHRISTOPHER LEE along with YOUR weird notes and cryptic comments . . .

MONSTER MONSTER

by AUGUSTINE FUNNELL and RICARDO VILLAMONTE
PAGE 16 — the saga of the WEREWOLF and the FREAK takes a new turn as the thing that was once DEAD becomes completely ALIVE . . .

they lived in Darkos Mansion

by JOE DENTYN and MARO NAVA
PAGE 24 — the hell-hole DARKKOS MANSION, within a great southern swamp comes ALIVE with wretched MONSTERS-WHO-ARE-DEAD . . .

THE THING WITH THE RED RIBBON IN ITS HAIR

by DOMINGO
PAGE 32 — the 'thing' is a girl, and she is DEAD, her victim is her HUSBAND, and he WISHES he was DEAD . . .

Dead -- But Not Yet Buried

PAGE 33 — the story of the master-man-macabre — EDGAR ALLAN POE — the most ESSENTIAL writer in the HISTORY OF HORROR . . .

THE THING IN THE BOX

by HARVEY LAZARAS and RUBIO
PAGE 37 — if we told you the thing in the box was a POTATO would you BELIEVE us? Would you believe the POTATO is a MURDEROR? We kid you not! . . .

the hunger of the slaughter SLUDGE-BEASTS

by DOUG MOENCH and SUSO
PAGE 43 — the SLAUGHTER-SLUDGE THING is on a rampage to DEVOUR THE WORLD and NOTHING can stand in its way . . .

THE PREMATURE BURIAL OF A MUMMY

by HOWARD ANDERSON and DE LA ROSA
PAGE 56 — a tale told in the style of OLD EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS, the macabre tale of a PHARAOH trapped in his own BURIAL VAULT

NOSFERATU

movie review
by emotionally-disturbed film buff ED FEDORY
PAGE 58 — "You look upon the face and form of this VAMPIRE and you FREEZE THE BLOOD that surges through your VEINS . . . "

GREED

by EDWARD FARTHING and RICARDO VILLAMONTE
PAGE 59 — the creature came out of the sea to KILL, but the VICTIMS become CONFUSED and in the END ironic JUSTICE is the revenge of the MEEK and GUILTY alike . . .

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

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...HELLO YOUNG MAN... HEH HEH... YOU CAME TO INTERVIEW ME TO GET MY STORY EH?
...WELL... COME ON THEN... COME LISTEN TO THE RAMBLINGS OF A WRETCHED OLD WOMAN... COME ON THEN... COME... COME...
...LISTEN TO THE STORY OF THE OLD VAMPIRE LADY...
...MAY I TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS?...
...OF COURSE YOU MAY BUT DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING TO COME OUT ON YOUR FILM YOUNG MAN... ...HEH HEH HEH... VAMPIRES DON'T PHOTOGRAPH YOU KNOW...
...WELL NOW... HERE WE ARE... ...NOW WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD AND ASK YOUR FIRST QUESTION...
...THE ONLY PLACE I KNOW TO START IS AT THE BEGINNING... SO... LET ME ASK YOU ABOUT THE BEGINNING THEN...
...WHEN WERE YOU BORN?...
...WHEN WAS I BORN? MMMH.' LET ME THINK NOW... LET ME THINK...
...WELL... AS NEAR AS I CAN REMEMBER... IT WAS IN 1776...
...YES... THAT'S ABOUT IT...
...I WAS BORN IN 1776...
...AND... SO STARTS OUR TALE... IN 1776... AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LIFE OF:

THE OLD VAMPIRE LADY

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY DURAN

...YES... I WAS BORN IN 1776 TO JOHN AND MARSHA VOGT IN ***NEW ORLEANS,*** LOUISIANA... MY FATHER WAS A ***SEAMAN*** WHO HAD LEFT HIS PROFESSION AND TAKEN UP ***BLACKSMITHING*** FOR A LIVING...

...WHEN I WAS 3 ***YEARS OLD*** HE WAS ***PRESS-GANGED*** ABOARD A ***WHALER***... I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN...

MY MOTHER EARNED AN ADEQUATE LIVING FOR US AS A ***SEAMSTRESS*** FOR MANY YEARS... TILL SHE MARRIED A ***CUSTOMER,*** A WEALTHY ***FRENCHMAN***... WHO INTRODUCED US TO ***LUXURY***...

...I WAS SENT AWAY TO A SCHOOL IN EUROPE ...AN ALL-GIRLS SCHOOL TO LEARN BREEDING AND THE WAYS OF WOMANHOOD...

...THERE I ***GREW-UP***... MY STORY REALLY ***BEGINS*** THERE... WHERE I WAS ***RE-BORN*** UNDER THE 'GUIDANCE' OF THE ***HEADMISTRESS*** ...A WOMAN WHO WAS... A... ***VAMPIRE***...

...I WAS...THE 'TEACHER'S PET,' SO TO SPEAK ...AND THE TEACHER WAS A VAMPIRESS...
DO YOU LIKE IT HERE CHILD?
WHY... YES...
...WOULD YOU LIKE--'SPECIAL PRIVILEGES'-- OVER THE OTHER-GIRLS?...
WHY YES... BUT... HOW?...
...I WAS 10 YEARS OLD...
...I CAN GIVE YOU POWER LIKE YOU NEVER DREAMED CHILD...
...I RULED OVER THE SCHOOL... DOMINATED THE OTHER GIRLS WITH THE FEROCITY OF YOUTH...
...THE HEADMISTRESS AND I... WE... 'CONVERTED' MANY OTHERS TOO... BUT THEY SERVED ONLY US AND WE SAW TO IT THAT THEIR MINDS WERE WEAK...
...THOSE EARLY DAYS... THOSE EVIL DAYS OF MY TEENS WERE MAGICAL TO ME... ROMANTIC... WE WOULD INVITE A NEIGHBORING BOYS SCHOOL FOR A SUMMER PICNIC EVERY YEAR...
...AND EVERY YEAR ONE OF THE BOYS WOULD NEVER RETURN...HE WOULD MEET WITH AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT...

...IT WAS THE DAY OF MY **18TH BIRTHDAY**... I REMEMBER THE DAY WELL FOR IT SIGNIFIED THE **END** OF MY **CHILDHOOD**... ONE OF THE GIRLS WAS CALLED **HOME** AND HER PARENTS DISCOVERED WHAT SHE'D... TURNED 'INTO'...

...THE **POLICE** CLOSED THE SCHOOL AND THE GIRLS WERE ALL SEND **HOME**... THE HEADMISTRESS AND I ESCAPED ON **FOOT** INTO THE NIGHT...

...NOT FAR AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL A COACH DREW UP AND A 'GENTLEMAN' SPOKE TO US...

...YOU ARE **MADAME LETHARGE**?...

...YES... ARE YOU THE **POLICE**?

NO NO... OF COURSE NOT... I AM NOT EVEN A FELLOW FRENCHMAN... ...I AM **GERMAN**... AND A **NOBLE**... ...ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF... I AM **BARON MEINSTER**...

...**MEINSTER**?...

...AHHHA... I SEE YOU HAVE **HEARD** OF ME **MADAME**... JUST AS **I** HEARD OF **YOU** JUST **TODAY**...

...YOU WILL ACCEPT A RIDE IN MY **CARRIAGE** OF COURSE?...

...OF **COURSE** WE ACCEPTED A RIDE FROM THE MOST **FAMOUS**, OR **INFAMOUS**, **VAMPIRE** OF THE DAY... HE OFFERED US THE HOSPITALITY OF HIS CASTLE ONLY A DAY'S RIDE AWAY... AND I OBSERVED THAT MY MISTRESS WAS **INFATUATED** WITH THE **BARON**, AS INDEED, **HE** WAS WITH **HER**

FOR THO SHE WAS 50, SHE HAD THE **BEAUTY** OF A **YOUNG WOMAN** DUE TO HER **POWERS**...

...OR SO IT SEEMED... BUT IN PRIVATE IT WAS ME THE BARON LOVED... I REALIZED THEN THAT I HAD GROWN INTO AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN, AND SINCE THE BARON AND I SHARED THE SAME LUSTS, IT WAS NATURAL THAT WE FELL IN LOVE... HE WITH MY AGE AND BEAUTY... AND I WITH HIS POWER AND MATURITY...
...WHAT IS THIS?
...MADAME... I...
...HEADMISTRESS!...
... SO... YOU LOVE ME ONE MOMENT AND THIS CHILD THE NEXT...
...CHOOSE MEINSTER... CHOOSE WHO YOU WOULD LOVE...
...YOU CONFRONT ME UNWISELY MADAME... WITH TOO MUCH CONCEIT...
...THERE IS OBVIOUSLY NO CHOICE ON MY PART...
...I LOVE THIS 'CHILD'... WHO IS THE MOST ASTONISHING, AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN...
...YOU MEAN TO KILL ME?
...YOU WILL ONLY CAUSE US TROUBLE...
...YES... I MEAN TO KILL YOU...
NO!
...LET ME!...

...I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT WE WOULD LIVE HAPPILY EVER-AFTER...

...WE WERE SO IN LOVE... WE DID EVERYTHING TOGETHER...

...PERHAPS WE SHOULD'VE STAYED THERE BUT... BUT THE AUTHORITIES WERE BEGINNING TO SUSPECT US AND WE WERE RUNNING SHORT OF VICTIMS SO WE LEFT THE CASTLE... MOVED TO LONDON IN ENGLAND...

...BUT THE BARON WAS SOON TRAPPED BY THE POLICE AND WAS KILLED... I ONLY ESCAPED BY SHEER LUCK...

... LONELY, AND HOPELESSLY TORMENTED BY THE SIGHT OF MY DEAD LOVER, I WONDERED ABOUT EUROPE AIMLESSLY ... THEN TRAVELLED HOME TO NEW ORLEANS TO SEE MY MOTHER...

...SHE WAS...DEAD...
...DEAD?...
...OF A BROKEN HEART WHEN SHE LEARNED WHAT YOU HAD TURNED INTO!...
...NOW YOU HAVE THE GALL TO COME TO ME...
...GET OUT OF MY SIGHT MURDERESS
...GET OUT OF MY SIGHT... YOU ARE NO DAUGHTER OF MINE...
...AGAIN I WAS ALONE... I WENT WEST... INTO THE OLD AMERICAN WEST... TRAVELLING BY NIGHT AND SLEEPING BY DAY...
...HE DISCOVERED ME HERE... IN THIS VERY GRAVEYARD... SLEEPING UNDER THE SHADE OF A TOMBSTONE...
...HE?...
...COME CHILD... COME... YOU ARE EXHAUSTED AND STARVING ...COME INTO THE MANSE AND LET ME FEED YOU AND GIVE YOU NEW CLOTHING...

...HE WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN I HAD EVER KNOWN... HE WAS INNOCENT... HE WAS A MAN OF GOD AND...AND...
...AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS WE WERE MADLY IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER... MY LOVE FOR BARON MEINSTER I REALIZED WAS BLOODLUST AND INFATUATION... NOT TRUE LOVE...
...BUT...BUT YOU WERE A VAMPIRESS... AND HE A MAN OF RELIGION...
...YES...YES... ...HE DIDN'T LEARN WHAT I WAS TILL... TILL AFTER WE WERE MARRIED...
...HE LEARNED WHAT I WAS ON... ON OUR WEDDING NIGHT... IT WAS AWFUL... I LOVED HIM SO MUCH, AND WHEN HE FOUND OUT WHAT I WAS HE FLEW INTO A MANIACAL RAGE...
...MY BRIDE...
...A THING OF SATAN...
...BUT WE CAN BE HAPPY... I CAN TURN YOU INTO AN UNDEAD LIKE I... WE CAN LIVE FOREVER...
...YOU ASK A MAN OF GOD TO BECOME AN UNDEAD?...
...DO YOU NOT LOVE ME?...
...YES...YES OF COURSE I LOVE YOU...
...THEN...
...LET US LIVE...
...AND LOVE...
...FOREVER...

...BUT ALAS, HE COULDN'T RATIONALIZE HIS NEW BLOODLUST WITH HIS LOVE OF GOD... AND THO HE LOVED ME... HE ENDED HIS OWN LIFE BEFORE IT EVEN BEGAN...
AAAAANONONO!
NO...NO...
...I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU... YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I EVER TRULY LOVED... YOU ARE MY ONLY REASON FOR BEING...
...DO NOT LEAVE ME... DO NOT LEAVE ME MY HUSBAND...
...SINCE THEN I... ...I HAVE DONE NOTHING... GONE NOWHERE... I LIVE HERE WITH HIM IN PEACE AND SOLITUDE...
...WITH WHO?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SONNY? WITH WHO WHAT?
...WITH WHO DO YOU LIVE? AND... AND WHERE DO YOU LIVE?...
...WITH MY HUSBAND...
...HERE...
...BUT...BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... I THINK THE LOCAL TOWNSFOLK ARE RIGHT WHEN THEY CALL YOU MAD... YOU PRESUME TO HAVE ME BELIEVE YOU'VE LIVED IN A GRAVEYARD FOR A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS?
...I DIDN'T LIE TO YOU SONNY...

...I LIVE HERE WITH MY PETS AND MY HUSBAND...
...BUT... BUT YOU CLAIM YOUR HUSBAND COMMITTED SUICIDE A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO...
...WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET HIM?...
HAHAAA... YES OLD WOMAN ... I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM... OF COURSE I'D LIKE TO MEET THIS... THIS 'IMAGINARY' 18TH CENTURY PREACHER-HUSBAND OF YOURS...
...AND I'D LIKE TO SEE WHERE YOU LIVE ALSO...
...WELL... COME ON THEN... ...INTO MY HOME...
...THIS... TOMB IS YOUR ~~CHOKE~~ HOME?...
...YES... NOW YOU'LL MEET MY HUSBAND...
...YOU CAN'T PHOTOGRAPH ME BUT...
...BUT YOU CAN PHOTOGRAPH HIM...
...HE'S DEAD OF COURSE...
...SO HE PHOTOGRAPHS..
SAMUEL WATKINS 1925-1959
...WE LIVE HERE HAPPILY... ALONE... WITH OUR PETS...
...BUT IT BOTHERS ME THAT PEOPLE THINK I'M INSANE... I'M NOT INSANE ...NOT AT ALL... ...THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU ... A REPORTER FROM THE NEWSPAPER ...YOU CAN TELL EVERYBODY THAT IT'S TRUE... YOU CAN TELL EVERYBODY I'M NOT INSANE...
...CAN'T YOU? ...EH?...

...THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG...

. . . the following letter is one of the NICEST we've ever received . . . it makes us feel we've gotta be doing SOMETHING right . . . here it is in its entirety . . .

" . . . once upon a time there was a horrorzine collector who collected only Warren Publications. This went on for about a year, till he saw 'NIGHTMARE and 'PSYCHO' on the newsstands. Saying "Bah! Sick!", he ignored these two magazines for a year till he had picked up PSYCHO #14. After reading it, he decided, upon seeing NIGHTMARE #14 on the newsstand, to start collecting PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE magazines . . .

. . . then — he saw "SCREAM" on the newsstands . . . "

The above story is true. I should know, because, I AM that collector! I also picked up SCREAM #2 and NIGHTMARE #15, which were also excellent. Incidentally, you were wrong in stating in NIGHTMARE #14 that the 'other guys' print 14 pages of ads. I counted 17 . . .

Your new fan,
JOHN MORGAN,
KEANSBURG, NEW JERSEY.

Thanks John . . . that's a really nice letter — we like a little bit of flattery every now and then, like everyone, but we also appreciate criticism . . .

. . . a weird letter from MILWAUKEE . . .

. . . the best story in NIGHTMARE #15 was 'THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH'. It was truly unbelievable. Shoggoth indeed! I can't BELIEVE such atrocious drivel! . . .

— WAIT — it's 1:00 a.m. No one should be AWAKE here at home at this hour, all should be ASLEEP! Yet someone, SOMETHING is coming up the steps to the ATTIC! WHO? WHAT? In candlelight I write this and beyond the ring of light I see a hairy, hulking shape! The old woman was right! God, save us! The shoggoths attack! Prepare earth for its final battle! They are attacking! No! NO! stay BACK! Noooo!!
AAARGG

Heaven help us

ED PAHULE

. . . a note from TERRY COYLE of MONTICELLO Iowa . . .

" . . . Dear people — if that is what you are . . .

. . . just thought I'd write you and comment on the latest things released from the HORROR-MOOD team. NIGHTMARE 14 and 15, SCREAM 1 and 2, and PSYCHO 13 and 14 . . .

. . . PSYCHO 13 was one weird issue. This was the issue in which the HEAP died. Bring him back. Although the HEAP isn't actually dead, he must return. He was the drive for PSYCHO — like the HUMAN GARGOYLES are the drive for NIGHTMARE. The best and weirdest story in "the Special 13th Issue" was THE DAY THAT SATAN DIED. This may be Dreadful Dela's best art yet. HE IS WEIRD . . . more of him, hear!

. . . I can hardly wait until you print THE 13 DEAD THINGS . . . it looks weird . . . and horrible . . . just the way I like them. (It's in PSYCHO #15 . . . miss it not!!) . . .

. . . One reason you should return the HEAP is the fact that he was the first MAN-DEAD-SWAMP-THING. It'd be wrong if you took away the first "IT" that had his own series. In other words, I vote "YES-HEAP" . . .

PSYCHO #14 was even better than the previous issue. The cover story may have been the best, but there were so damn many cool ones that I cannot decide. THE CLASSIC CREEPS, THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND, A MAN WHO DARE NOT SLEEP, and I BATTLED THE VICIOUS VAMPIRE BATS OF TRANSYLVANIA AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT (I bet you can't say that fast five times) were the best stories. I liked the HIPPY CRITTERS ARE COMIN' too. Ken Kelly's cover was simply fabulous. It rivals all covers of the HORROR MOOD yet. It is only rivalled by NIGHTMARE #15, and SCREAM #1 . . .

. . . from time to time comics are adapted for the movie cinema. In the forties, CAPTAIN AMERICA, DICK TRACY, BATMAN and ROBIN, and a variety of SUPERMEN were very popular in serials. More recently BARBARELLA was adapted and they are STILL talking about adapting LITTLE ANNIE FANNY onto the screen. But also more recently, producers Sobotsky and Rosenberg have adapted several of the old E.C. Horror Stories into two movies, TALES FROM THE CRYPT (our review is in NIGHTMARE #8) and THE VAULT OF HORROR (our review is in PSYCHO #14) . . . our COMICS EDITORIAL this issue is by CHRISTOPHER LEE, who played the Hammer DRACULA character on the screen for so many years, who feels comic characters are too unbelievable on the screen . . .

CHRISTOPHER "Dracula" LEE

COMICS OPINION

" . . . I haven't seen TALES OF THE CRYPT or VAULT OF HORROR. I was asked to do the episode in TALES FROM THE CRYPT of the man who was the proprietor of the hospital for the blind, but there was a slight difference of opinion between me and the producer, so I didn't do it . . . "

" . . . take for example your HUMAN GARGOYLES, I wouldn't want to play the HUMAN GARGOYLE. I don't think this is a person, I think this is more a "THING". It is fine in a magazine such as yours. It is fine when you draw characters like this, when you make them into strip characters, but take SUPERMAN - effective in a script, but negligible as a screen character. The limit is bound to be reached to special effects and various other things that are needed in this kind of story and the construction of this kind of character and it reaches a point where it becomes totally unbelievable. My whole career in this area has been devoted to making the unbelievable believable, and therefore this would be too unbelievable for me to make believable. This is alright for somebody to read and look at as part of a strip, but trying to portray a character of this kind on the screen would strain everybody's credulity to a point where they would say "oh well, it is only an actor made up" and I think one would lose a great deal of the credibility thereby.

" . . . I feel there might be a large number of unintentionally hilarious moments . . . particularly with the baby gargoyle . . . I think if you did produce a character like this on the screen and had him by himself without any members of his family I think even then you're stretching it beyond the limits of total belief . . . "

" . . . but otherwise, as I said about 'characters', I just don't think they are believable on the screen, and are better kept in comics, where at face value, they are quite believable . . . "

Mr. Lee's remarks might indeed start a new running controversy in this column — we'll be pleased to print your remarks when you send them to COMICS OPINION — the archaic editor — SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 East 41st Street, New York, N.Y., 10017 . . .

. . . and be sure you don't miss our EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW with CHRISTOPHER LEE in SCREAM #4, on sale next month . . .

For your macabre edification, these HORROR-MOOD publishers are adapting virtually all of Poe's works into illustrated horror form. It has been wrongly suggested by many publishers, movie companies, and other would-be-adapters of Poe's works, that his horror stories are not adaptable literally, and that much must be added or changed for them to be commercial. We feel this is nonsense. With very few exceptions our adaptations will be as close to Poe's original as is possible. Of the twenty-seven horror stories, we will adapt and publish twenty-one, the excepted six we feel are not adaptable. We are also adapting Poe's only novel THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET, to be published in the not-too-distant future.

says
Macabre Maelo Cintron

...SHE RUNS...
AND SHE FALLS...

. . . last night I bought and read NIGHTMARE #15. What can I say except the DRACULA story was well worth the wretched half year wait? Ken's cover zonked me out, it is one helluva lot cooler in color! THE GARGOYLE WHO WENT TO WAR and THE MYTHS ABOUT BATS . . . PARTICULARLY VAMPIRE BATS were the only stories I actually disliked. It was a long way from the END OF THE EARTH ISSUE. You gave credit to Rich Buckler on the first page but he did nothing . . . why? (It was an accident . . . Archaic editor) I can't single out one story and say "this is the greatest" because they all held me spell bound. Thank you.

ZESAR and DELA ROSA are my favorite MOOD-TEAM artists . . . I especially like ZESAR's work on NOSFERATU . . . which brings me to SCREAM #1 . . .

SCREAM #1 was just a start of 'phase three' of the HORROR MOOD. Right? Well, this was an omen to start it with, for SCREAM made me SCREAM SCREAM SCREAM with HORROR in my BRAIN. 'I, SLIME' is the story that drove me INSANE. Thank you for that story. My family used SCREAM as evidence at the trial and had me committed in the local nut house . . . called HELL. I escaped the second day and butchered ten people in my home town. I went with the authorities only because they said I "belong in the PSYCHO ward". The psycho ward was wallpapered with HORROR

. . . a magazine well worth everyone's interest is 'THE NOW AND THEN TIMES' #2 — produced by JOHN BALGE and DAVID SIM, and available for one dollar from: NOW AND THEN TIMES — 282 Westmount Road East, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada. In this extraordinary magazine are such features as: an intimate and revealing interview/feature/biography of the late SYD SHORES (14 pages of great story and never before published Syd Shores artwork), unpublished work by WAYNE BORING, famous SUPERMAN artist, more unpublished artwork by humorist BILL THOMAS and his 1945 JUNGLETOWN SHOWBOAT strips . . .

. . . plus introducing to you, perhaps for the first time, superb artists ADRIAN DINGLE and JERRY LAZARE . . . an article featuring T. CASEY BRENNAN and WILL EISNER, MARV. WOLFMAN, STEVE SKEATES, JEFF JONES, STEVE ENGLEHART, and LEN WEIN . . . and topping the issue off — a revealing interview with none-other-than-your-archaic-editor AL HEWETSON . . .

. . . like we say . . . we recommend it, and are pleased to give this plug to this most deserving magazine that's well worth your $1.00 . . . send for it NOW and — miss it not . . .

NOW & THEN TIMES

MOOD STORIES. I felt at home . . . there.

. . . Now to SCREAM #1 . . .

. . . I did not like WEIRD COUNTS, BLACK VAMPIRE BATS and LUNATIC HORRORS . . . that was the only story I did not like. My favorite story, I think, was 'THE COMICS MACABRE' . . .

The 'STRANGE PAINTINGS OF JAY CRUMB; 'THE TALE OF THE PERFECT CRIME.' 'THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT,' 'HICKORY DICKORY DOCK,' 'THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND.' and 'I, SLIME' were . . . HORRIFIC. The most promising story was 'WHERE LUNATICS LIVE!' Zesar's art is coolest here . . . Congratulations on the most macabre first issue I have EVER read.

After being totally zonked out by SCREAM #1, I was not disappointed in #2 . . . it zonked me out MORE than #1 . . . Thanks and congrats. LADY SATAN was very far out. The art and the story were up to par. 'I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HIRE' was the second coolest story in the MACABRE history of SCREAM. I consider NOSFERATU one story . . . IT is the coolest. 'THE THING IN THE BLACK DRESS' . . . ugg! Dumb! 'THE VAMPIRE LETTERS' cool. 'THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI' weirdly fantastic. NOSFERATU — 'THE NAME IS SINNER CANE — AND THE NAME MEANS EVIL', again, the best. The low point of SCREAM #2 was on the letters/announcement page where you printed parts of a letter written by a person who is totally incompetent of thought — my brother GARY . . . . . gork . . . "

TERRY COYLE

. . . gork? What is this gork? . . . AAKK! . . . there's something on your Archaic Editor's shoulder . . . I . . . I'm — PARALIZED — can't MOVE my ARM — can't — can't TYPE anymore — HEY! — it's going for my NECK! . . . can't . . . BREATHE! Can't . . . THINK! — can't do ANYTHING!! . . . tha-tha-that's GORK folks . . .

— rest in peace —

-ARCHAIC AL-

my favorite story this issue is : .....

comment : .....

.....

name : ..... **age :** .....

address : .....

city n' other : .....

mail to : SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017 **. . . PSYCHO # 16 . . .**

THE CURSE! THIS DAMNED WEREWOLF CURSE!!
IS IT NEVER TO END? WHY? WHY?
I CANNOT EVEN COMMIT SUICIDE...
SILVER! I NEEDED A SILVER BULLET! MY GOD! COULDN'T IT END?
UHHH... I... MERELY SHATTERED MY HEAD! UHHH...
NEARBY, AN OLD GYPSY WOMAN, KIRSTEN, IS ATTRACTED BY THE MOANS...
I'M SURE I HEARD A... OH MY GOD, THAT CREATURE...
MONSTER, MONSTER, RISE FROM THY CRYPT
WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

MY GOD! HE'S ALIVE!! COULD IT BE HIM?... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?? OH, GOD... COULD IT BE...
...MY SON!
HE TOO WAS INFECTED WITH THE CURSE! IT MUST BE HIM... IT MUST BE...
JUST THEN SHE HEARS TWO FIGURES ON HORSE-BACK APPROACHING HER...
WITH SUPER STRENGTH SHE CARRIES THE CREATURE ONTO THE WAGON... THE ONE BURNING THOUGHT THAT THIS CREATURE...CURSED WITH THE DISEASE OF LYCANTHROPY COULD BE HER SON!
IF HE IS MY SON, HOW DID HE GET HERE? AND WHY ARE THOSE TWO MEN DEAD INSIDE THE HOUSE?
HE NEEDS HELP... HAVE TO GET HIM TO THE WAGON...
IT IS NOLA... AND DOMINIC. CURSE HIM! MAY THE DEVIL TAKE HIS BLACK SOUL! ...THEY MUST NOT SEE THE CREATURE...

...IT IS HER DAUGHTER, NOLA, FLEEING FROM THE CLUTCHES OF DOMINIK, THE GYPSY PRINCE...
DOMINIK! LEAVE HER ALONE! CAN'T YOU SEE SHE LOATHES YOU? PRINCE OR NOT, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO HER!
YOU GO TOO FAR, KIRSTEN! YOU CANNOT TELL ONE OF ROYAL BLOOD WHAT HE CAN OR CAN NOT DO!
LEAVE HER ALONE...OR YOU'LL PAY! TAKE HEED, PRINCE... I DO NOT MOUTH FALSE WARNINGS! NOW GO!
FOR NOW OLD WOMAN, I SHALL GO. BUT YOUR THREATS WILL BE REMEMBERED WELL...
I CARE NOTHING FOR YOUR ROYAL BLOOD! YOU MAKE A MOCKERY OF IT BY PURSUING A WOMAN WHO DOES NOT WANT YOU!
HE IS EVIL INCARNATE! THIS SHALL BE HIS LAST WARNING! THERE SHALL BE NO NEXT TIME!

NOLA! GET OUT OF THERE! MONSTER! GET OUT!!
POOR NOLA... SHE HATES HIM AS MUCH AS... MY GOD! SHE'S UNCOVERING THE HORROR!
MOTHER! HOW CRUEL! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SAY THAT ABOUT ANY MAN!
STARE, KIRSTEN...STARE, OPEN-MOUTHED AT THIS CREATURE BEFORE YOU...THIS BEING WHO WASN'T, BUT IS! STARE AT THIS DEFORMED LITTLE MAN...AND WONDER...WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?
THAT IS NOT THE FACE OF MY SON. IT CAN'T BE HIM...AND YET I FEEL IT MAY BE... YES, IT COULD BE HIM.
THE CURSE COULD CHANGE HIM SO. YES, IT COULD BE. I'LL NOT GIVE UP HOPE YET!
BUT THAT LOOK IN NOLA'S EYES... SHE'S FOND OF HIM... BUT WHAT IF HE IS MY SON? MY GOD! WHAT THEN?

THE DAY IS LONG AND HOT, BUT THE WAGON DOES NOT STOP. KIRSTEN CONTINUES GUIDING HER HORSES OVER THE ROUGH TERRAIN, LOST IN HER THOUGHTS. AND **DARK** THOUGHTS THEY ARE, TOO.
HE IS UGLY, **PERHAPS**...BUT A **MONSTER**...**NO!** THERE IS NO EVIL BEHIND THOSE EYES...ONLY **LONELINESS**... **DESPAIR**...
THE WAY SHE **SMILES** AT ME...AS IF...AS IF SHE **REALLY CARED!** IT **CAN'T** BE... BUT HER **SMILE**... SO **WARM**.
NOLA, WHAT ARE WE...
SHE HEARS **NOTHING.** AND HER EYES TELL ALL I NEED TO **KNOW.**
BUT THE DAY PASSES; UNCERTAINTY AND **FEAR** HIGH IN THE MINDS OF THESE THREE. **NOTHING** IS SAID, BUT THERE IS **TENSION** IN THE AIR...A TENSION THAT **WILL NOT LEAVE.**
ITS PASSING HEALS **ALL.** AND YET, **SOMETIMES,** EVEN THE BRIEFEST OF INSTANTS CAN SEEM LIKE **LIFETIMES.** FOR AN OLD GYPSY WOMAN, THIS NIGHT IS ONE SUCH CASE.
SUCH A THING MUST **NOT** BE. I CANNOT ALLOW IT...
BUT UNTIL I KNOW FOR **SURE WHO** HE IS, I CAN DO **NOTHING. NOTHING!**
NOT **ALL** THE **FEARS** OF AN OLD WOMAN CAN STOP THE NEXT DAY FROM DAWNING...SOON THEY APPROACH THE GYPSY CAMP, AND THEY KNOW WHAT **AWAITS** THEM...

COME, NOLA...THE CELEBRATIONS ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN... AND YOU MUST JOIN IN THEM WITH ME...
...FOR I HAVE ANNOUNCED OUR COMING UNION... OUR MARRIAGE!
DOMINIK! NO! THERE ARE NO SUCH PLANS... DOMINIK...
FOR A MOMENT, HE IS HAPPY THAT THE ONLY WOMAN WHO HAS EVER SMILED AT HIM DOES NOT WISH THE CARESSES OF THE MAN SHE IS DANCING WITH. BLINDED BY HIS JEALOUSY AND HATRED HE CHARGES TOWARD THE PRINCE...
KIRSTEN SITS, HARDLY NOTICING THE DEFORMED LITTLE MAN WHO HAS JUMPED FROM THE BACK OF THE WAGON.
SO DOMINIK HAS CHOSEN TO IGNORE MY WARNING. IT IS THE LAST TIME HE SHALL DO SO, FOR I WILL NO LONGER TOLERATE HIS DISREGARD FOR THE WELFARE OF NOLA.
NO...NO! IT CAN'T BE. SHE CAN'T BE IN LOVE WITH HIM... SHE MUST NOT BE! HER FACE... SHE HATES HIM. HE IS FORCING THIS UPON HER. SHE DOES NOT WANT HIM!
FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE EVIL DOMINIK SEES THE CHARGING MONSTROSITY AND ACTS QUICKLY...
HE FALLS TO THE GROUND, HIS ENTIRE HEAD ON FIRE, FOR THIS CREATURE, THIS MONSTROSITY HAS A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN!
THE PAIN... MY GOD! THE PAIN! MY HEAD... BURNING...

SO MANY EVENTS...SO COMPLICATED...THAT THIS CREATURE IS ALIVE IS BEYOND BELIEF. HE STILL LIVES WITH A CHUNK OF LEAD LODGED IN HIS BRAIN. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO UNDERSTAND THAT HE SHOULD CHANGE SO QUICKLY FROM A FREAK TO THE ROARING HORROR...
A SAVAGE ROAR, AND THE BEAST OF THE NIGHT STRIKES...TO DO WHAT HE WAS BORN TO DO... WHAT HAS BECOME HIS HERITAGE...TO KILL!
OH, MY GOD...
DICARLO VILLAMONTE
THE CLUB... THAT DAMNED BEAST SHALL PAY FOR THIS...I'LL SMASH HIS ANIMAL SKULL!!
COME, MONSTER! COME FORWARD, HORROR --AND DIE!!
HE UNDERSTANDS NOTHING OF THE WORDS...ONLY ACTION!! AGAIN THE SAVAGE BLOWS...AND AGAIN THE PRINCE OF THE GYPSIES SPRAWLS HELPLESSLY ON THE GROUND...

ONCE MORE...PAIN...THE HORRIBLE AGONY THAT ERUPTS WITHIN HIS ANIMAL MIND, FORCING HIM, UNCONTROLLABLY, TO COLLAPSE TO HIS KNEES...
IT HAS HAPPENED IN MERE SECONDS, AND OUT OF ALL THOSE PRESENT, ONLY TWO HAVE THE QUICKNESS OF MIND TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE...
HURRY, NOLA! WE HAVE ONLY SECONDS BEFORE THEY ARE UPON US!
THEY HURRY, FOR THEY KNOW THAT TO INVOKE THE WRATH OF DOMINIK IS TO CAROUSE WITH DEATH!
I SWEAR THEY'LL NOT GET AWAY WITH THIS! THEY SHALL PAY!!
NEXT: CHAPTER 4 OF THE MONSTER, MONSTER SAGA...
'MONSTER, MONSTER HEED DEATH'S CALL!'

...THE ORIGIN OF DARKKOS MANSE IS THE ORIGIN OF DECADENCE... ONCE, IN THE LAST CENTURY, IT WAS OCCUPIED BY ITS BUILDER, COLONEL REGISTER HARLOWE A MAN WHO CAME FROM NEARBY NEW ORLEANS SEEKING SECLUSION FROM SOCIETY ...SEEKING SECLUSION FROM THE EYES OF SOCIETY... FOR THEY FROWNED ON HIS PRACTICE OF THE VOODOO...

...THERE ARE MANY TALES TOLD ...LIKE THE ONE OF THE WEREWOLF WITHIN... A TALE TELLING OF THE END OF SEVERAL MURDERERS WHO CHANCED STUMBLE UPON THE HIDDEN SWAMP MANSION...

...NOW BEGINS ANOTHER TALE TOLD OF DARKKOS MANSE... WHAT IT IS ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT ATTRACTS MADMEN, MURDERERS AND MACABRE FIENDS IS BEYOND UNDER-STANDING... BUT THE FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES... AND THE FACT-IS THAT ANOTHER IS DRAWN (THO HE KNOW IT NOT) TO THIS PLACE AS A HOUSE OF REFUGE... THIS FUGITIVE'S NAME IS PAUL MUNI... AND THE YEAR IS 1931... NOW WITH HIS INTRODUCTION WE BEGIN OUR TALE:

WRITTEN BY JOE DENTYN
ILLUSTRATED BY MARO NAVA

...THEY LIVED ¡DARKKOS MANSE!

...GOD... GOD I CAN'T BREATHE...
...I CAN'T BREATHE ANYMORE!
OH MY GOD... I CAN HEAR THE DOGS BEHIND ME...
...BUT I MUST STOP FOR A MINUTE... A MINUTE IS ALL I DARE RISK... BUT I CAN'T GO ON 'TILL I'VE RESTED...
"...WHY AM I RUNNING? WHAT HAVE I DONE THAT'S...SO WRONG?...A FEW LOUSY BUCKS FROM A ROADSIDE DINER SO I COULD EAT... THEY PUT ME IN A CHAIN GANG FOR A FEW LOUSY BUCKS!
...IT WASN'T HOW I...I SHOULD'VE LET MYSELF STARVE...
...GOD KNOWS I MANAGED TO ESCAPE... AFTER 10 YEARS... 10 YEARS IN THAT FILTHY PLACE THEY CALL A PRISION...
THE DOGS... I CAN HEAR THEM GETTING CLOSER...
...GOT TO MOVE... FIND SOMEPLACE TO HIDE...

WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?
...AN OLD SOUTHERN MANSION...LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF ANOTHER CENTURY...
...IT'S A WRECK... FALLING APART... LOOKS LIKE IT WAS GUTTED BY FIRE...
MAYBE IF I CAN GET OFF THE GROUND...CLIMB UP TO THE ROOF OR SOMETHIN' THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SMELL ME...
...IT'S BEGINNING TO GET DARK... MAYBE I CAN HIDE HERE ALL NIGHT AND THEY'LL GIVE UP...
LOOK... LOOK UP THERE...
...THERE HE IS...
COME DOWN MUNI ...WE CAN SEE YOU...
...COME DOWN OR WE'LL FIRE...
GO ON THEN... GO ON... KILL ME... WHAT DO I CARE...
...I'D... RATHER DIE THAN GO BACK TO THAT HELL HOLE...
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

HE'S TOO WELL PROTECTED ...WE GOTTA CLIMB UP AFTER HIM...
I LOOKED AROUND... THERE'S NO WAY OFF THE ROOF... ... AT LEAST HE CAN'T ESCAPE...
...I WON'T LET THEM GET ME...
...I WON'T...
UGH
GOD...
WE'RE NOT GONNA GET TO HIM... THERE'S TOO MUCH DEBRIS UP THERE HE CAN THROW DOWN ON US... ...HE MIGHT KILL ONE OF US...
IT'S GETTING DARK ...HE CAN'T STAY UP THERE FOREVER...
...WE'LL CAMP FOR THE NIGHT AND WAIT TILL HE STARVES TO DEATH IF WE HAVE TO...

I'LL DIE BEFORE I LET THEM GET ME...
...I'LL KILL MYSELF FIRST...
DAMN BATS...
...ALL OVER THE PLACE... MUST NEST IN THE CRACKED ROOF OR SOMETHIN'...
THEY'VE GOT THEIR LANTERNS STRUNG UP ALL AROUND THE MANSE... IT'S LIGHTED UP LIKE THE WHITE HOUSE...
...ONE OF THEM IS STAYING AWAKE TO KEEP WATCH ON ME...
MY GOD... WHAT'S THAT SCREAM?
AAAAAA
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE... CAN'T SEE A THING... THE MEN ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LIGHTS... SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE BEING ATTACKED...

GOOD LORD!
...THOSE THINGS...
...KILLED THE GUARDS... KILLED THE DOGS...
...BUT...IN THE SAME OF ALL SANITY...WHAT ARE THEY?...
AAAAGODNONO
NO
MY GOD THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME...
...THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME...
NOW... WORDLESSLY... BREATHLESSLY... PAUL MUNI FLEES DARKKOS MANSE...
...BUT HE CONTINUES TO THINK...AND TO MAKE WHATEVER REASON HE CAN OUT OF THIS MADNESS...AND THE ONLY SENSE OF LOGIC THAT COMES TO HIS MIND IS THAT FOR SOME GHASTLY REASON THESE THINGS BELONG IN THIS PLACE ...THIS IS THEIR HOME...

...I'M FOREVER A FUGITIVE...
...I'M FOREVER DOOMED TO BE CHASED BY THOSE WHOM I'VE INADVERTENTLY WRONGED...
I'VE WRONGED SOCIETY BY STEALING FOOD I NEEDED TO LIVE... I'VE WRONGED THOSE BEASTS BY CAUSING THEIR HOME TO TURN INTO A SHOOTING GALLERY...
...DAWN...
...I CAN HEAR... THE THINGS BEHIND ME... CHASING ME... LIKE THE DOGS... THERE IS NO POINT IN RUNNING ANYMORE ...
NO POINT IN WADING... THROUGH THIS MUCK AND THIS SWAMP...
...WHEN IT IS SO EASY TO FINDA PLACE IN THIS MUD TO LIE DOWN...
"...AND JUST DIE..."

...THE THINGS CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE QUICKSAND WHERE PAUL MUNI HAD LET HIMSELF BE MURDERED BY THE SQUALOR OF NATURE...

...THEY CROWDED AROUND 'TILL ALL WERE GATHERED AND ALL WERE WATCHING... THEN ONE **SQUATTED** ON ITS **KNEES** AND THRUST A **LIMB** UNDER THE MUD...

...WHERE IT GROPED TILL IT LOCATED THE DEAD THING ...THE DEAD THING THAT WAS NOW MUCH LIKE THEM... NO LONGER A **FUGITIVE**... NO **LONGER RUNNING** FROM **SOCIETY** AND ITS **LAWS** AND IMMORAL **NORMS**...

...AND THEY PULLED HIM UP AND BADE HIM BECOME ONE OF THEM... ONE OF THE **UNEXPLAINED ONES** WHO **DWELL** IN THIS WRETCHED ANTI-LOGICAL **DARKKOS MANSE**... A **REFUGE** FROM THE GUILTY, THE NEAR-GUILTY, AND THE NOT-GUILTY-AT-ALL **ONCE-HUMAN FUGITIVES** FROM LOGIC...

...THIS HAS BEEN THE **ORIGIN** OF **ONE** FUGITIVE... BUT THERE ARE **MANY** WHO LIVE IN **DARKKOS**... AND IN **TIME** WE WILL TELL **ALL** THEIR TALES IN THE REGULAR SERIES WE CALL:

...**THE TALES OF DARKKOS MANSE**...

...THIS IS THE TALE OF 2 WHO ARE IN LOVE...
... I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, CLARICE...
... AND I LOVE YOU TOM... THIS RED RIBBON IS A TOKEN, A SYMBOL OF OUR NEW LOVE... THO WE MET ONLY DAYS AGO I KNEW IN AN INSTANT I WANTED TO WED YOU...
... AS WE DID THIS VERY LOVELY MORN...
MY GOD... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
... THE HONEYMOON IS OVER MY LOVE...
... I'M KILLING YOU AS I ALWAYS INTENDED FROM THE BEGINNING OF OUR WHIRLWIND ROMANCE...
... I MARRIED YOU ONLY FOR YOUR MONEY YOU UGLY WITCH... AND WHO WOULD SUSPECT MURDER ON OUR WEDDING DAY. THE POLICE WILL THINK IT IS ONLY A HIDEOUS ACCIDENT...

...SO IT MIGHT SEEM... TILL WE TALE A CLOSER LOOK AT:

THE THING WITH THE RED RIBBON IN ITS HAIR

... BUT ACCIDENTS HAVE A WAY OF SEEKING REVENGE; THAT IS TO SAY HUMAN ACCIDENTS...
... CHERISH IT OR ELSE!
GOOD LORD!
WHAT NOW MY LOVE? WHAT NOW THAT I HAVE AGAIN DECIDED NOT TO DIE...
... AGAIN? ... WHAT--DO YOU MEAN AGAIN?...
...YOU THOUGHT MY UGLINESS WAS A QUIRK OF MY BIRTH, NOT SO MY LOVE, IT IS THE RESULT OF AGE... MY DEALING WITH SATANIC FORCES HAS ENABLED ME TO LIVE CENTURIES...
...YOU DISLIKED MY UGLINESS BEFORE TOM?... NOW AS WE LIVE OUT YOUR LIFETIME TOGETHER YOU'LL COME TO CHERISH IT...

WRITTEN+ILLUSTRATED BY DOMINGO

Dead-
But
Not
Yet
Buried:
Edgar Allan Poe

"Lord help my poor soul"

DEAD — BUT NOT YET BURIED:
EDGAR ALLAN POE by ALAN HEWETSON

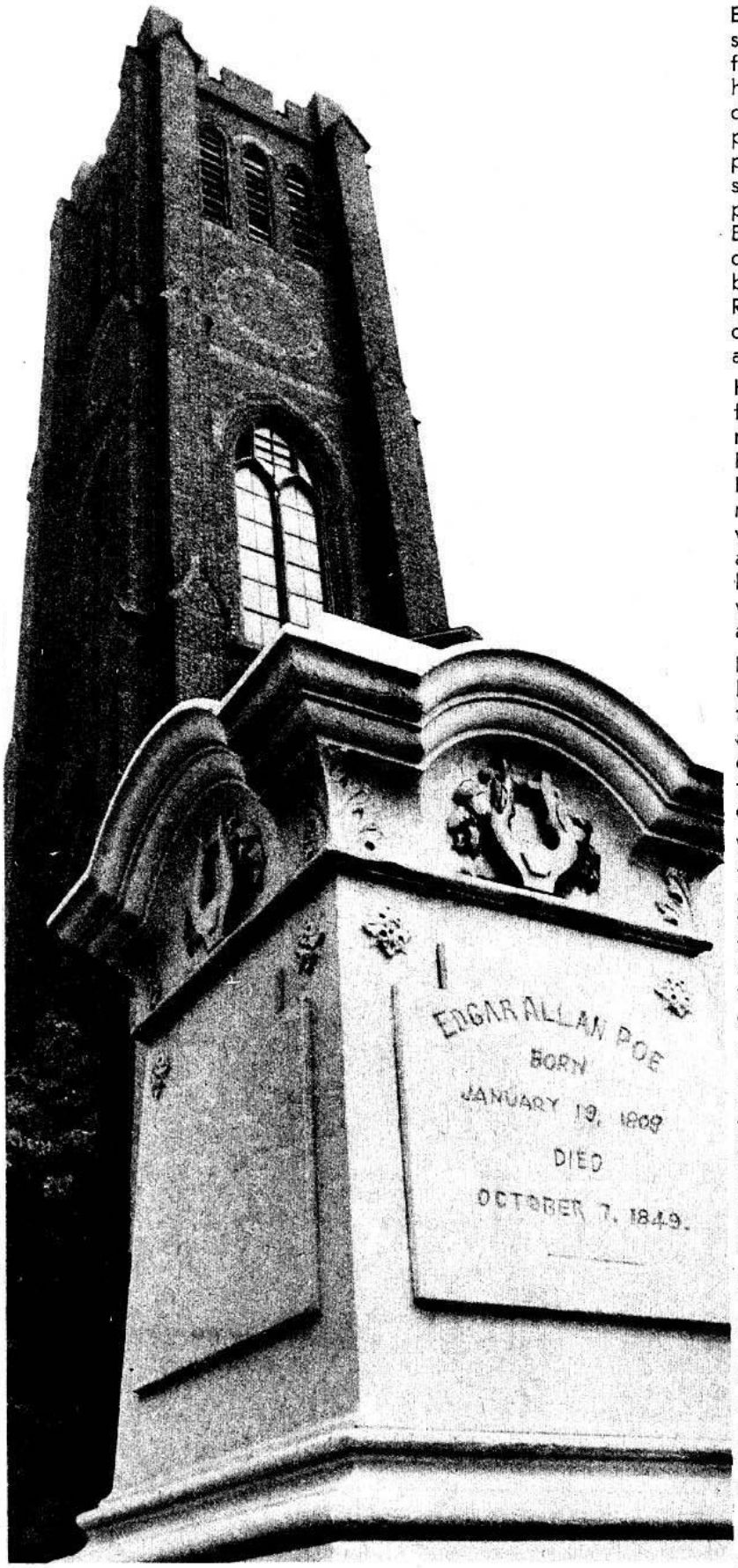
It is written that Edgar Allan Poe is America's most famous man of letters, and surely this is quite true. The argument is in the qualification: should this be?, and in this article and biography, we hope to prove the answer is yes. Edgar Poe, himself a man of 'mystery and imagination', has effected the most profound influence of any American on contemporary literature, through his literary criticisms, poetry, short stories, and by his magazine publishing theories.

Poe's editorship of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE in 1841-42 raised an 8,000 circulation to 40,000 in a few months, and hence made that magazine the most popular in the United States during that period, and the first magazine in America or Europe to be a 'Mass Circulation Periodical'. His editorship of GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE and THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, and his attempts at establishing his own magazines THE STYLUS and THE PENN MAGAZINE, are required studies for any serious student of magazine publishing today.

Poe was famous in his own time, for his poetry and literary criticism, but we in 1973 revere Poe for quite different works . . . his horror stories, which though numbering only twenty-seven in total, have associated Poe's name with horror to the extent that it is legitimately felt he 'invented' horror. He certainly did, and in the process certain other types of story now popular. By THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE, THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, and THE GOLD BUG he unquestionably defined the modern detective story. Before these works, such method and form were unknown. By THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET and THE MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE, and several others, he defined the modern adventure story. Before his work on these stories this type of characterization and plot development was unknown. By his tales THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER and THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, to name only a few, he invented and perfected not only the modern horror story, but quite fantastically also 'horror' itself.

Edgar Allan Poe lived a wretched and unhappy life. In his everyday life — in his domestic and business affairs — he was a dismal failure. He could not 'get along' whatsoever with his fellow man. His much exploited relations with women, particularly during the latter part of his life, were nothing more than a hapless craving for human companionship and respect. In fact he was probably impotent, but certainly towards the close of his life, during these mad affairs, he was depressed and erratic, his body was in great physical pain, and he was bordering on manic depression. At various times during his life he used certain opiates, and throughout was a victim of alcohol.

Much has been made of Edgar Allan Poe's drinking habits. The truth is not that he drank excessively, but that 'even a little was too much', for he was unable to take even a little alcohol without a complete change of personality, and any excess was accompanied by physical prostration. This illness has wrongly been called intemperateness which is unfair, for he was more a victim to drink, and was never known to enjoy it.



. . . It is not known exactly why Poe died, he was found in a dreadful condition in the streets of Baltimore and hospitalized. He died Sunday, October 7, 1849, and was buried in the graveyard of Westminster Church, where today a memorial stands . . .

Edgar Poe was born in Boston on January 19, 1809, the son of theatrical parents. His father, David Poe, died the following year, and Elizabeth Poe was left to support her two sons, Edgar Allan and William Henry, and daughter Rosalie, by her stage career. She was popular, possessed of beauty and a good voice, but was not a physically strong woman, and in the summer of 1811 she died of pneumonia in Richmond, Virginia, in dire poverty. The three children were taken in by relatives, Edgar — by the John Allans of Richmond. This was disastrous, so retrospect shows, for John Allan and the boy were never to get along together. Poe grew up in Richmond with a romantic outlook on the Old South; he characterized this in his writings and criticisms, and as an adult he regarded himself as a 'southern gentleman'.

He was somewhat spoiled by his foster mother, but his foster father, who once enjoyed Edgar's precocious and romantic ways, raised him with great discipline. When Poe was 6 years old, the family moved to Scotland and England for five years, where the boy's schooling was religious and rigid. His first writings, a 'volume of verses', was completed in 1824 when Edgar was 15 — although childish, their style was characteristic of his later work, written in tragic and satirical rhymes. He was a good student, brilliant in languages, and an accomplished swimmer and broad jumper.

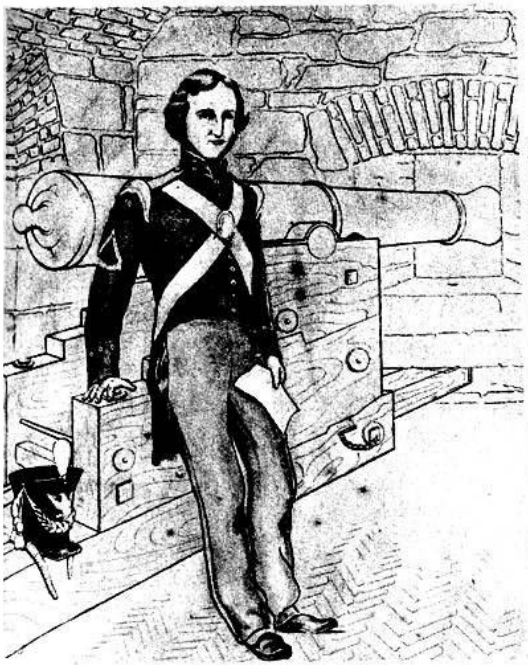
Physically, Poe was quite handsome, with a high forehead and deep attractive eyes; he was slightly built, five feet eight inches in height, and shy-looking. He had a fond regard for his origins, and always wore black or dark clothes, which he admitted were theatrical; in fact, Poe projected a theatric image in all his public doings.

What was it in this background that led Poe to turn to horror, rather than the romantic poetry to which he might appear more suited? The answer perhaps begins in 1826, when he was enrolled at the University of Virginia. From that moment, it seems, his life became an endless hardship of bitter introspection and moroseness. Poe was thrown out of university, owing $2,500 in gambling debts, loans, liquor bills and unpaid tuition fees.

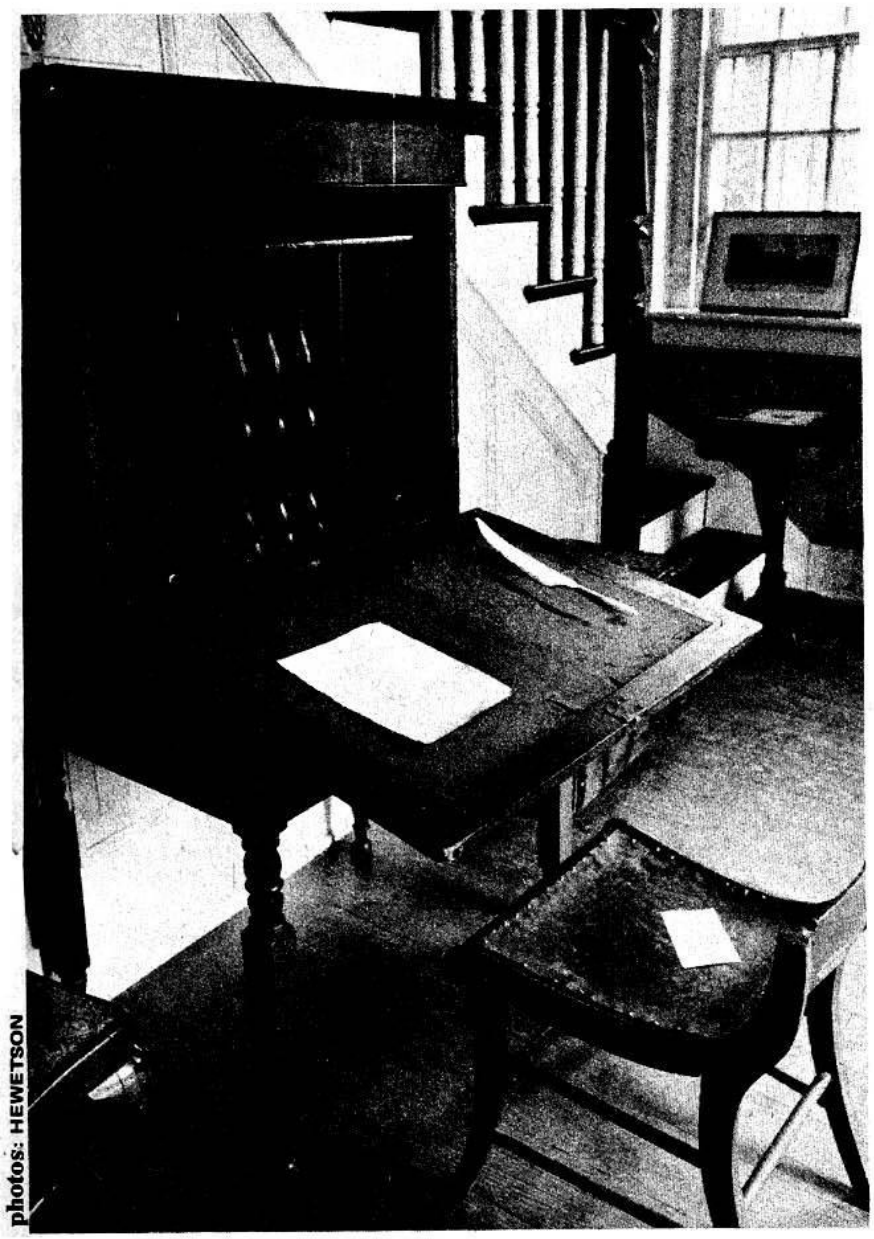
He enlisted in the Army in 1829 under the assumed name Edgar A. Perry, giving his age as twenty-two, although he was actually eighteen, and was assigned to duty in Boston and subsequently in Sullivan's Island, South Carolina (which later served as his source material for his short story: THE GOLD BUG). Poe reconciled with his foster father, having been successful and having attained the rank of regimental sergeant-major, and begged to be sent to West Point Military Academy. John Allan paid a friend of Poe's seventy-five dollars to serve out the remainder of his enlistment term.

At West Point, in 1831, Poe cut classes and was kicked out for 'gross neglect of duty' and 'disobedience of orders', which referred, in fact, to his drinking and gambling.

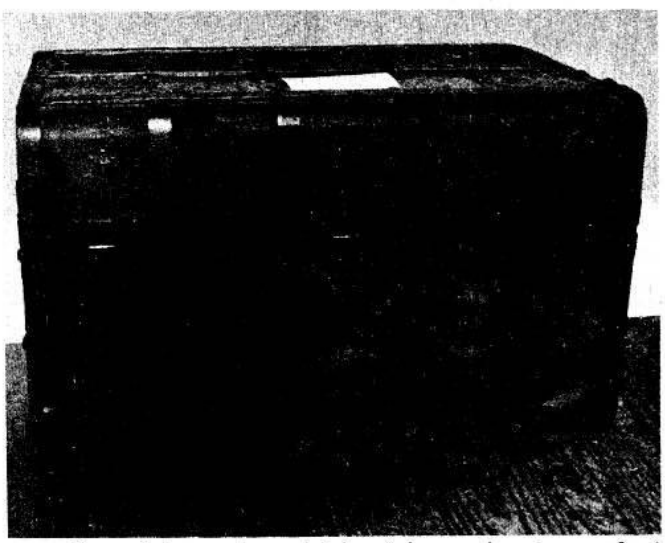
During this year, Poe decided that come what may his future lay in a literary career, and he began to write extensively. During the next few years he travelled in Europe, experiencing dire poverty. In 1834 John Allan died, leaving money to everyone except Poe, who was drastically in need of funds to support himself. He was being published, and was gaining quite a reputation, but his publishers were giving him next to nothing for his works. He could never understand why it was he was being paid so little, when others he felt less accomplished were earning sizeable salaries. His various publishers, with whom he invariably established a friendly relationship, knew that Poe was a desperate



. . . left: the young military Poe at Fort Monroe, Virginia — during his phony enlistment as 'Edgar A. Perry' everybody thought he was travelling in Europe writing poetry . . . right: Virginia Clemm Poe, 1822-1847, Poe's cousin and love whom he married at age 13 . . . below: Poe's writing desk when editor of the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER — and his small black trunk which contained all his belongings upon his death



photos: HEWETSON



man financially and could be taken advantage of. An example is his poem THE RAVEN, sold in 1844 to the NEW YORK MIRROR. It netted Poe the sum of $10.

In 1833 Poe first gained recognition, when he won a prize of $50 for the best short story submitted to the BALTIMORE SATURDAY VISITOR. The tale was THE MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE. As a result he befriended T. W. White, the editor of the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, to which Poe began to contribute. In 1835 he became editor of that magazine, and he quickly proved himself an 'inspired' editor. During that same year, Poe married his thirteen year old cousin, Virginia Clemm, and the author's future seemed bright. By 1836 he had published eighty-three reviews, six poems, four essays, and three stories in the MESSENGER, and his salary was $1,000 a year.

Throughout the next several years, his successes were inevitably and tragically spoiled. His wife became tubercular and he took to drink and opium living variously in a farmhouse at 84th Street and Broadway in New York, and in Baltimore and Richmond. He was at times employed as editor of GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, as co-editor of BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, and as contributor to THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the DOLLAR NEWSPAPER, THE

NEW YORK SUN, THE AMERICAN REVIEW, and finally in 1845 he became editor of the BROADWAY JOURNAL, which he eventually came to own. In this paper he published and republished most of his material, and became a well known literary figure, meeting Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, engaging in published arguments with the poet Longfellow, and frequently giving lectures or readings in the 'salons' of the day. The magazine died in 1846, as a result of his debt, bad health, poverty, his wife's declining health, and his own dissipation.

Poe, his wife, and mother-in-law, retired to the country, where in January of 1847, Virginia died. A friend of Poe's witnessed her death at a cottage in Fordham, on the outskirts of New York. Virginia, ill with tuberculosis of the lungs, was 'lying on the floor on a straw mattress with her husband's overcoat wrapped around her as a blanket, clutching to her chest for warmth a large cat. Poe and her mother were holding her hands and feet to impart warmth to them'.

Upon his wife's death, Poe's life entered its final and most tragic phase. Engaging in lawsuits, chasing after a number of women, habituating opium parlors, victimized by epileptic fits, found wandering in the streets in delirium or intoxicated, caught during an election 'repeat voting' for money, and invariably falling back on his ways every time he was rescued or rehabilitated by friends, his last days were scarred by depression and melancholy. Occasional flashes of his genius surfaced as he wrote his last works, poems dedicated to his female admirers, such as ANNABEL LEE and EL DORADO.

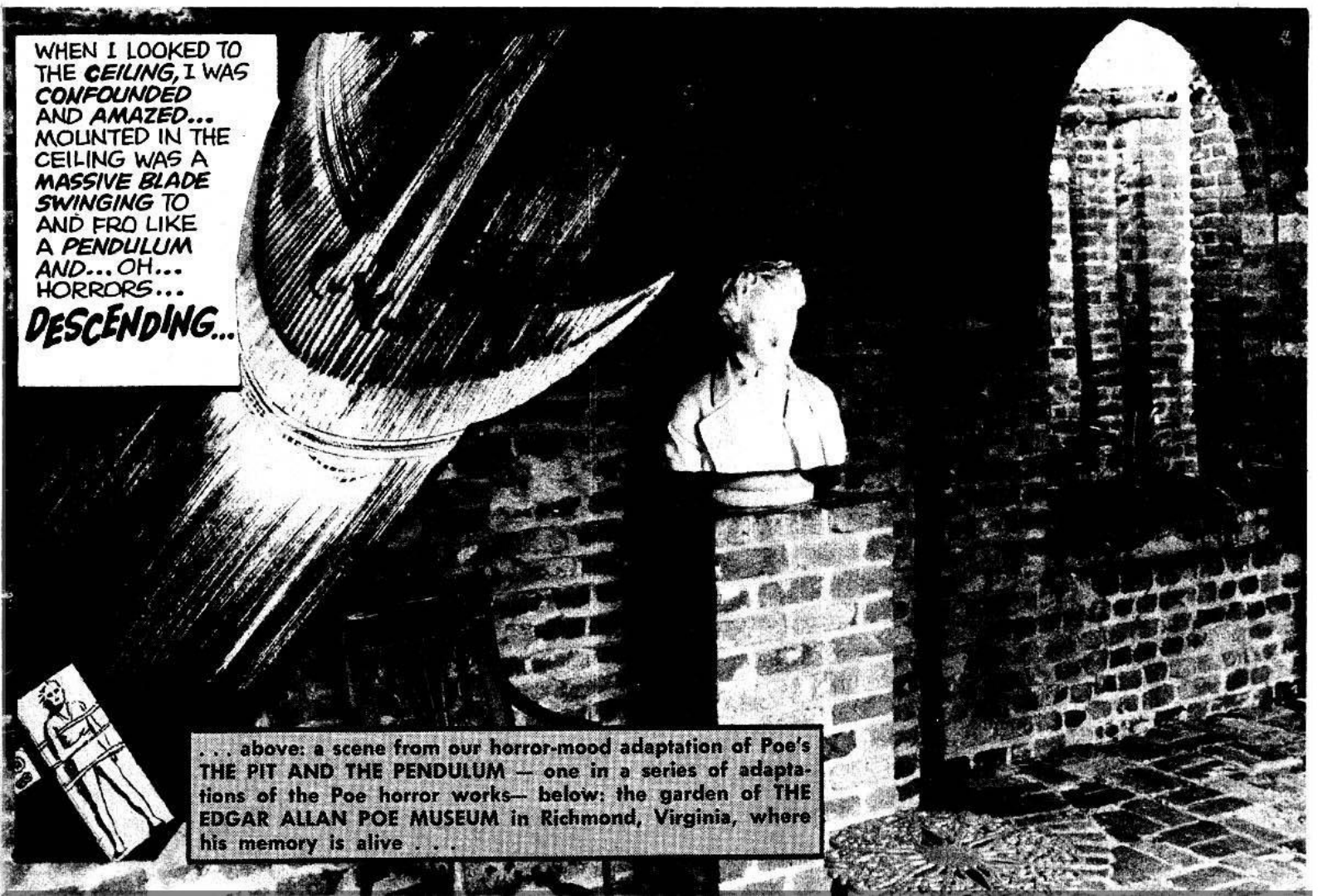
On the 3rd of October, 1849, Poe was found in the streets of Baltimore in a 'pitiable condition' (he was semiconscious, stretched out on a plank over some barrels on a sidewalk), and was taken to hospital where he fell into a comma, succeeded by delirium, tremors, and rantings which continued several days. On October 7, as his doctor looked on, he became still for a moment, uttered his last and famous words, "Lord help my poor soul", and died.

He was buried two days later in the Presbyterian Cemetery in Baltimore.

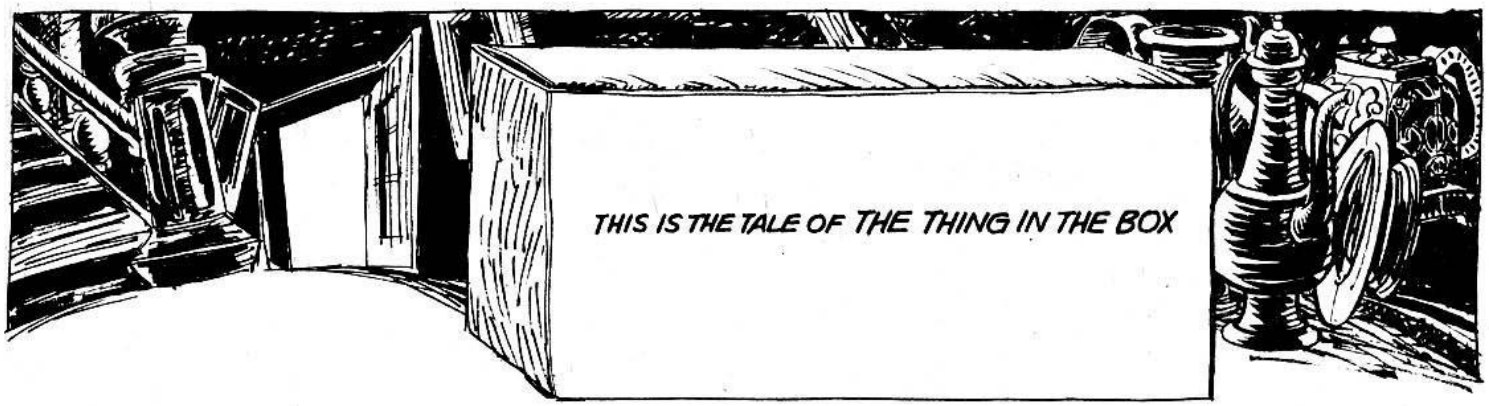
The argument about Poe's contribution to literature continues even today. From 1845 he has been regarded in England and in France as a genius, and as the United States' most important literary genius. In France, owing principally to Baudelaire's brilliant translations, Poe has enjoyed the reputation of having 'an influence greater than that of any other person writing in English'.

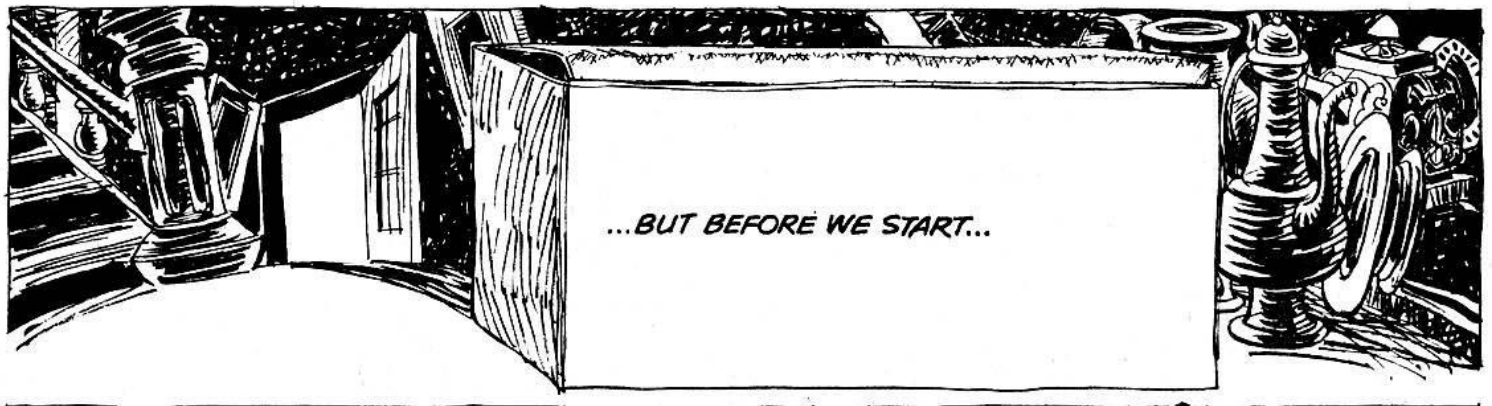
In the light of that latter remark, by a noted French critic, we are delighted that Poe chiefly expressed himself in horror stories, giving his medium a beginning never rivalled in imaginative audacity. His tales, usually told in the first person singular, are precedent today for the works of every 'horror' writer. Every mood and every scheme in horror is his. Every character-type in horror is his; the invention of the 'twist-ending' is his; even the length of horror stories (short and usually blunt) is his.

We owe Edgar Poe everything. We, as one, recognize that Poe invented modern horror, deny him nothing, accord him everything. Edgar Allan Poe is dead — but not yet buried.


WHEN I LOOKED TO THE CEILING, I WAS CONFOUNDED AND AMAZED... MOUNTED IN THE CEILING WAS A MASSIVE BLADE SWINGING TO AND FRO LIKE A PENDULUM AND... OH... HORRORS... DESCENDING...

. . . above: a scene from our horror-mood adaptation of Poe's THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM — one in a series of adaptations of the Poe horror works— below: the garden of THE EDGAR ALLAN POE MUSEUM in Richmond, Virginia, where his memory is alive . . .


THIS IS THE TALE OF THE THING IN THE BOX


...BUT BEFORE WE START...

...WE OFFER THIS 'SAMPLER' AS A TEASE...

...ARE YOU TEASED? IS YOUR APPETITE WHET?...

...SO STARTS OUR TALE...

THE THING IN THE BOX

WRITTEN BY HARVEY LAZARUS

ILLUSTRATED BY RUBIO

THOPP
THOPPP
THUPP

KIRKKK

WWREEEEEE

MMMZZZZMMMZZZMM
YEEAAAGODALMIGHTY!

WWWRRRRPPPP
...SOMETIME, WHEN I FIND THE TIME...
...AND THE STOMACH...
...I GOTTA CLEAN OUT THAT DANG POTATO SHED...
...GETTIN' SO TANGLED UP IN THERE WITH SPROUTS YEW CAN'T HARDLY EVEN GIT YEWR HAID IN THE DOOR...

"HARRY JANOS IS A DETECTIVE. DETECTIVES ARE PAID (IN JANOS' CASE, BY THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT) TO RETRIEVE ANSWERS. HARRY WILL FEEL GUILTY ABOUT ACCEPTING HIS NEXT PAYCHECK..."

AND I THOUGHT I WAS RIGHT THE *LAST* TIME I SAID 'NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING'...

HOW CAN YOU *JOKE* ABOUT IT?! MY *HUSBAND*-- LIKE *THAT*... AND YOU CAN *JOKE* ABOUT IT...

"FRANK PURDON IS ALSO A POLICE DETECTIVE, SUBORDINATE TO JANOS. HE HAS NO ANSWERS EITHER... HE'S NOT EVEN SURE OF THE *QUESTIONS*..."

BUT... IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*-- IT'D TAKE *MONTHS* FOR A MAN TO GET IN A STATE LIKE THAT ... NOT *OVERNIGHT!* AND --WHERE THE *HELL* IS THE *BATHTUB*--?!"

WELL... NO FINGERPRINTS... NO SUSPECTS...AND THE MOST UNBELIEVABLE M.O. I'VE EVER COME ACROSS. NOTHING TO DO BUT TURN THE... "CORPSE'...OVER TO THE LAB.

"THE SKELETON LIES SPRAWLED ON NAKED TILE WHERE ONCE A BATHTUB HAD RESTED. THE LEERING JAWS GAPE WHERE ONCE A SHRIEK OF AGONY HAD RESIDED. THE BLEACHED-WHITE BONES GLEAM UNNATURALLY, AND THIS... THIS IS A HOMICIDE'S SOLE CLUE-- AND THE ONLY REMAINS ATTESTING TO THE...

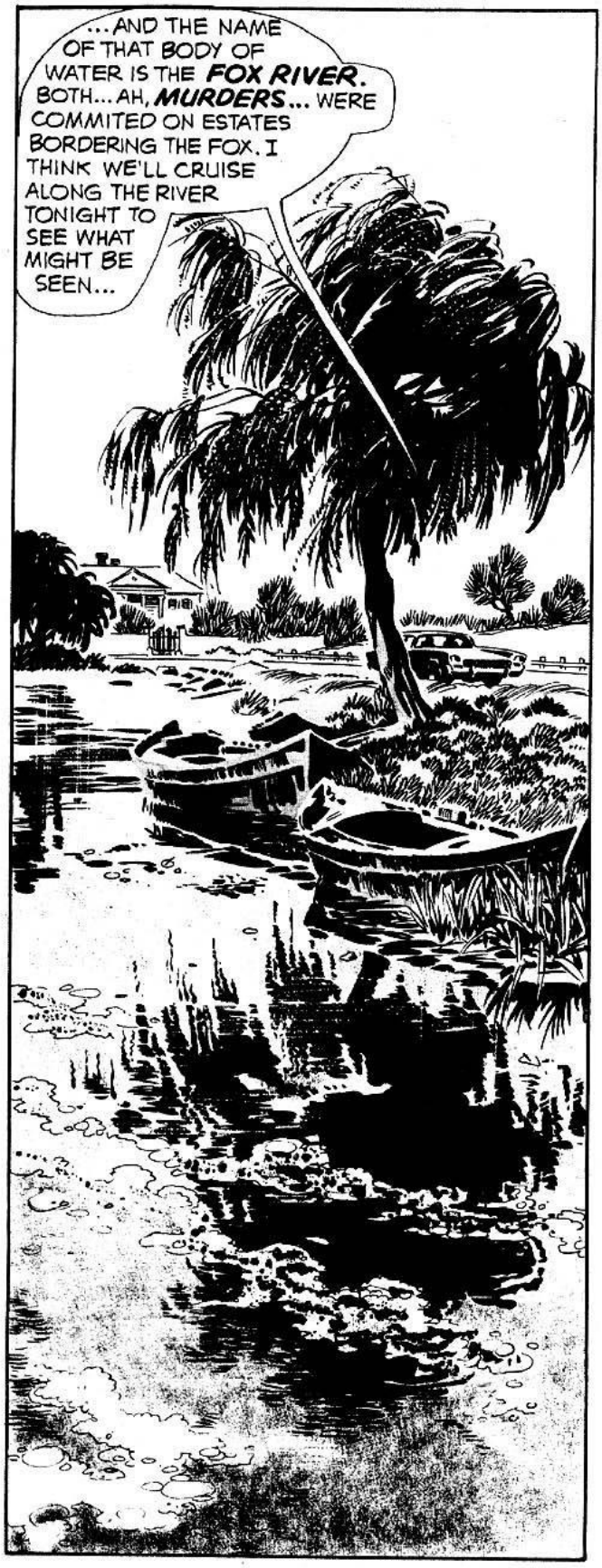
HUNGER OF THE SLAUGHTER-SLUDGE BEASTS!

HARRY... I THINK WE'D BETTER FILE A *JOINT* REPORT ON *THIS* HOMICIDE AND LARCENY-- THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE JUST *ONE* OF US.

WRITTEN BY **DOUG MOENCH** ILLUSTRATED BY **SUSO**

SUSO 73

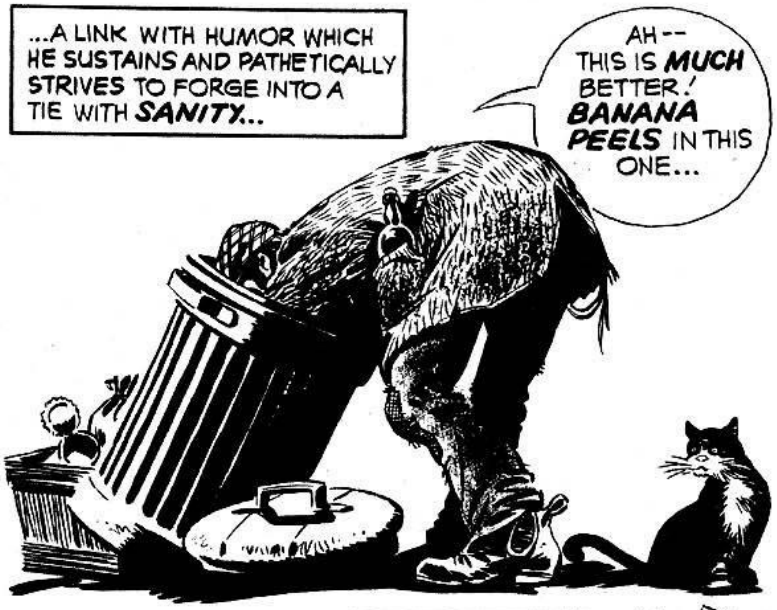
"THIS IS CLINTON McCORMICK: EMINENTLY WEALTHY, OVERLY CONFIDENT, RUTHLESS, AND ALWAYS OBEYED! HE IS THE PRESIDENT AND MAJOR SHARE-HOLDER OF A THRIVING INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION, AND IN THE MIDST OF DISPENSING WITH A PETTY ANNOYANCE...
I DON'T GIVE TWO GOOD GOD-DAMNS ABOUT THE ECOLOGY PRESSURE GROUPS! UNTIL IT'S BEEN ESTABLISHED IN A COURT OF LAW THAT TRIBUTARIES DO IN FACT LEAD TO LAKE MICHIGAN...
WE'LL CONTINUE DUMPING OUR CHEMICAL WASTES IN FOX RIVER! AM I UNDERSTOOD, RICHARDS?
... GOOD.
"THIS IS THE MAD SCENE WHICH FACED DETECTIVES HARRY JANOS AND FRANK PURDON THE FOLLOWING MORNING... A SCENE PRESIDED OVER BY AN EXCEPTIONALLY HARRIED BUTLER...
...WENT SWIMMING LAST NIGHT AT TEN -- JUST AS USUAL, YOU UNDERSTAND -- BEFORE RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT! SWIMMING HELPED HIM SLEEP, HE ALWAYS SAID, AND OF COURSE HE DISCHARGED ME AT THE SAME TIME, FOR THE NIGHT, AT TEN, JUST AS USUAL. YOU CERTAINLY DON'T THINK THAT I HAD ANYTHING...
RELAX, PAL, WE DON'T THINK YOU MURDERED HIM. FOR ONE THING, WHERE WOULD YOU HIDE THE STOLEN SWIMMING POOL?
HARRY... YOUR EVERYDAY GARDEN-VARIETY MURDER JUST ISN'T COMMITED LIKE THIS -- AND MURDERERS JUST DON'T TRAIPSE OFF WITH BATHTUBS AND SWIMMING POOLS. I DON'T LIKE IT... NO CLUES, NO CLUES AT ALL...
CORRECTION, MY DEAR WATSON -- WE NOW HAVE A SUSPECT. BUT OUR SUSPECT IS A BODY IN WATER ONLY...


...AND THE NAME OF THAT BODY OF WATER IS THE FOX RIVER. BOTH... AH, MURDERS... WERE COMMITED ON ESTATES BORDERING THE FOX. I THINK WE'LL CRUISE ALONG THE RIVER TONIGHT TO SEE WHAT MIGHT BE SEEN...

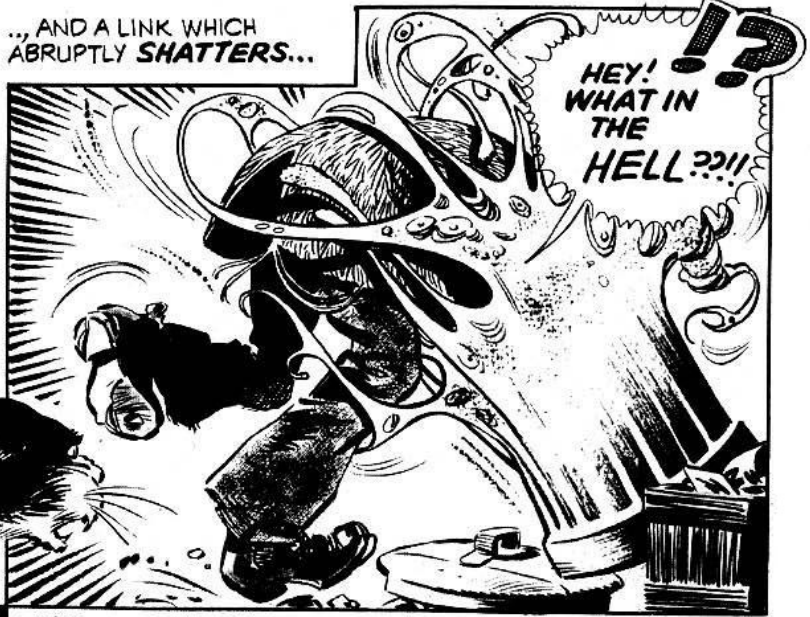
THIS IS... A DECIDEDLY **SLEAZY** BUM! HIS NAME IS FORGOTTEN, HIS FORTUNES NONEXISTENT. YET, IN SPITE OF THIS--OR PERHAPS **BECAUSE** OF IT--HE RETAINS A DESPERATE LINK WITH **HUMOR**...

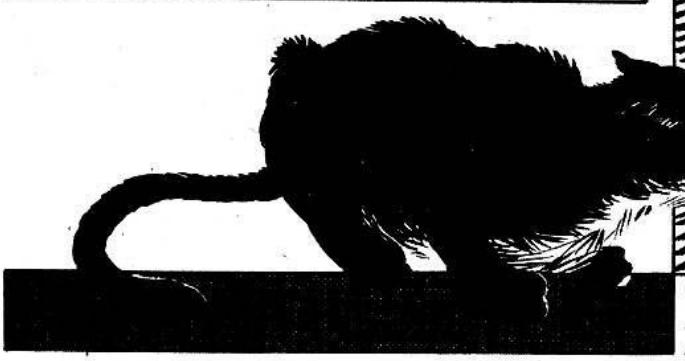
WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE MENU TONIGHT. CHEF'S SPECIAL: USED COFFEE GROUNDS AND SCRAMBLED EGG-SHELLS A LA CARTE... NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL... BUT I THINK I'LL PASS ON IT...

...A LINK WITH HUMOR WHICH HE SUSTAINS AND PATHETICALLY STRIVES TO FORGE INTO A TIE WITH **SANITY**...



..., AND A LINK WHICH ABRUPTLY **SHATTERS**...





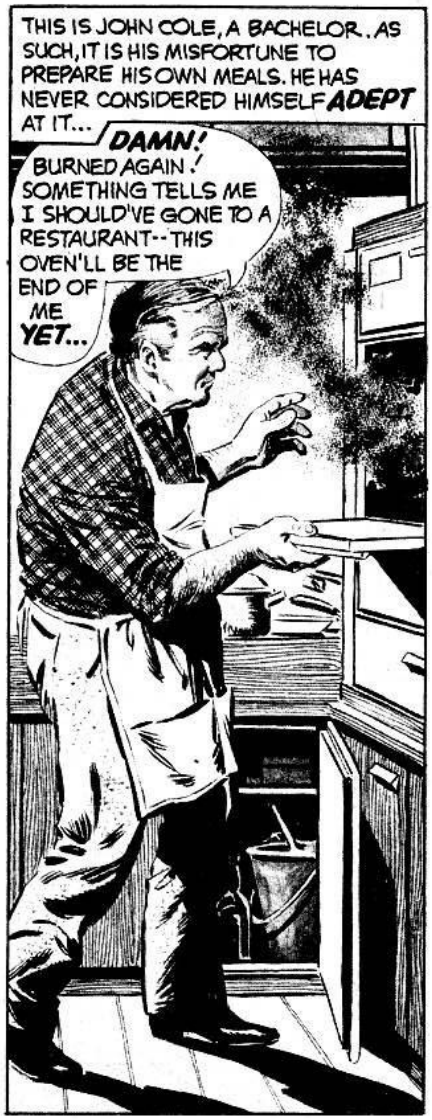
THIS IS A **GARBAGE CAN** WHICH IS **NOT** A GARBAGE CAN ...WHICH NOW ALTERS IN SHAPE AND GREEDILY **STUFFS ITSELF!**

THIS IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY--A BLOB OF HUNGRY PROTOPLASM WHICH SURGES UPWARD TO ENVELOP THE FRANTICALLY STRUGGLING HOBO...
NO, GOD, NOOO!
...AN UNHOLY, PERVERTED VENUS FLYTRAP WHICH LURES AND DEVOURS THE CURIOUS--A SLIME BEING WITH AN INSATIABLE HUNGER...
AAAHHHIIEEE!
...HIDEOUS BLOB SPAWNED IN FILTH WHICH CORRODES THE HOBO'S FLESH WITH INTERIOR TENDRILS OF ACID-FIRE... WHICH INCORPORATES THAT DISSOLVED FLESH INTO ITS OWN WRETCHED BULK ...AND CARELESSLY DISCARDS THE USELESS SKELETON...
Y'KNOW, FRANK, WHEN I WAS A KID, FISH JUMPED FROM THIS RIVER LIKE POPCORN -- NOW YOU NEED A BATH AFTER SWIMMING IN IT.
YEAH... THEY'RE TRYING TO PASS AN EMBARGO ON POLLUTANT CHEMICAL WASTES DOWN IN SPRINGFIELD, AREN'T THEY?

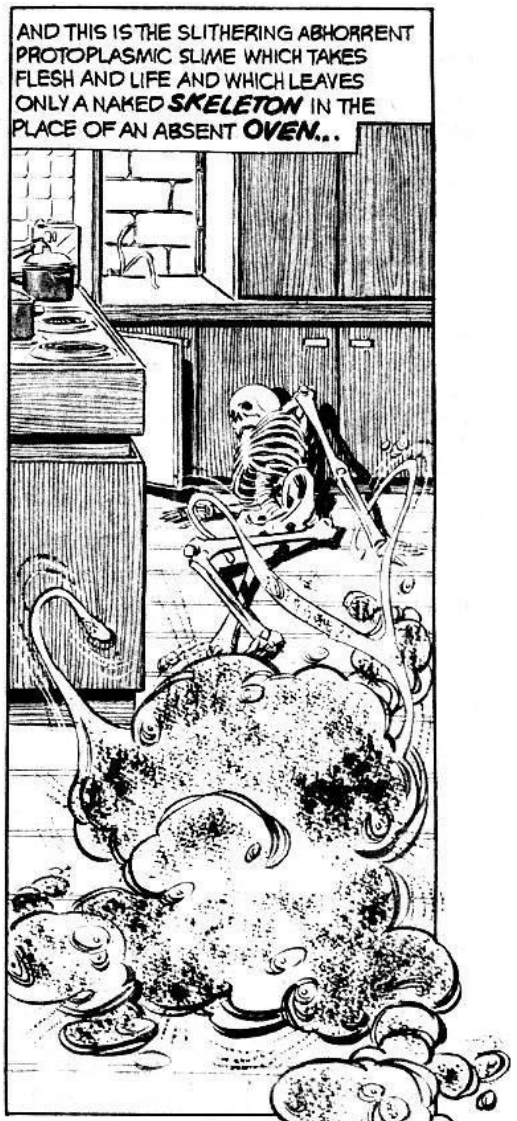
FAT CHANCE. TOO MUCH COLLUSION-- THE CHARACTERS WHO PAY THE MOST TAXES, AND THE CONGRESS'S SALARY, ARE THE ONES DOING THE CHEMICAL DUMPING. ANYWAY, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED ALONG THIS RIVER...
YEAH. BUT... FOR WHAT?
THIS IS A HOUSEWIFE NEAR THE END OF HER DAY... BUT NOT OF HER WORK. SHE IS TIRED, STRAINED, AND SUSCEPTIBLE TO LAPSES OF TEMPER...
ROGER THORNTON, IF YOU BREAK ONE MORE PLATE... I SWEAR, ROGER, YOU'LL DRIVE ME CRAZY TILL THE DAY I DIE...
AND THIS IS THE DAY SHE DIES...
OH MY GOD-- THE SINK -- WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE SINK?!
MOMMY...?
MOMMEEEEEEE!
THIS IS A KITCHEN SINK WICH IS NOT A KITCHEN SINK. THIS IS A THING WHICH INCREDIBLY ELONGATES AND LOOMS FORWARD LIKE A GROTESQUE STAINLESS STEEL SERPENT TO SWALLOW THE TERRIFIED WOMAN ... TO SWALLOW AND FEAST UPON HER PROTESTING FLESH...
EEEEEE!
THIS IS THE REPUGNANT SCUM-BEAST WHICH ALTERS ITS FORM LIKE QUICKSILVER TO AMBUSH THE UNWARY, THE UNSUSPECTING... TO SUCK DRY THE BONES OF AGONIZED DEAD... THIS IS ETERNAL HORROR...

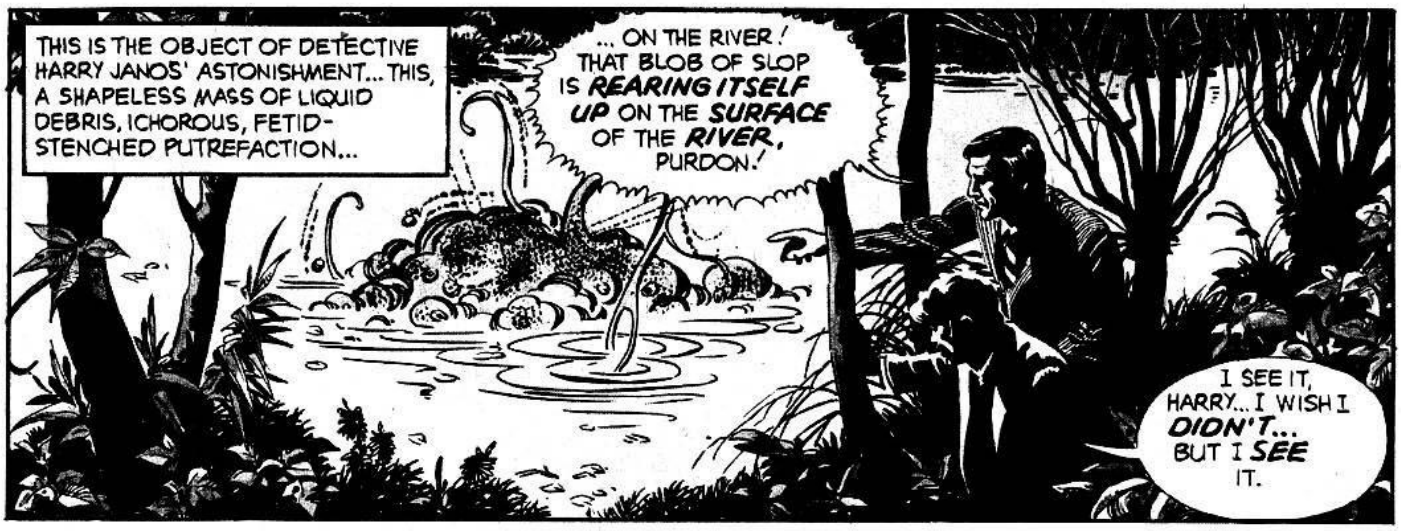
I DON'T KNOW FOR WHAT, FRANK, BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR IT ANYWAY...
I SUPPOSE IT'S YOUR CAREFULLY CONSIDERED HUNCH THAT BOTH MURDERS OCCURRING NEAR THIS RIVER IS NOT MERE COINCIDENCE?

YEAH I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT SAY GOOD LORD-- LOOK, FRANK-- OVER THERE IN THE WATER--!


THIS IS JOHN COLE, A BACHELOR. AS SUCH, IT IS HIS MISFORTUNE TO PREPARE HIS OWN MEALS. HE HAS NEVER CONSIDERED HIMSELF ADEPT AT IT...
DAMN! BURNED AGAIN! SOMETHING TELLS ME I SHOULD'VE GONE TO A RESTAURANT-- THIS OVEN'LL BE THE END OF ME YET...

THIS IS AN OVEN WHICH IS NOT AN OVEN... A FOUL, CORRUPT IMPERSONATION OF OOZING MUCK...
WHAT THE--?!!


AND THIS IS THE SLITHERING ABHORRENT PROTOPLASMIC SLIME WHICH TAKES FLESH AND LIFE AND WHICH LEAVES ONLY A NAKED SKELETON IN THE PLACE OF AN ABSENT OVEN...


THIS IS THE OBJECT OF DETECTIVE HARRY JANOS' ASTONISHMENT... THIS, A SHAPELESS MASS OF LIQUID DEBRIS, ICHOROUS, FETID-STENCHED PUTREFACTION...
... ON THE RIVER! THAT BLOB OF SLOP IS REARING ITSELF UP ON THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER, PURDON!
I SEE IT, HARRY... I WISH I DIDN'T... BUT I SEE IT.

HARRY...? LISTEN, HARRY, THIS JUST DOESN'T USUALLY HAPPEN, HARRY...?
YEH. C'MON; WE'RE FOLLOWING THAT SLUDGE PILE!

THIS IS AN ALL-NIGHT LAUNDROMAT IN WHICH A WEARY CO-ED REMINISCES OVER A PAST EXPERIENCE...
STILL REMEMBER THE SORORITY INITIATION WHEN I WAS SHUT IN ONE OF THESE DRYERS AND SPUN AROUND FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES --I'VE HAD CLAUSTROPHOBIA EVER SINCE.

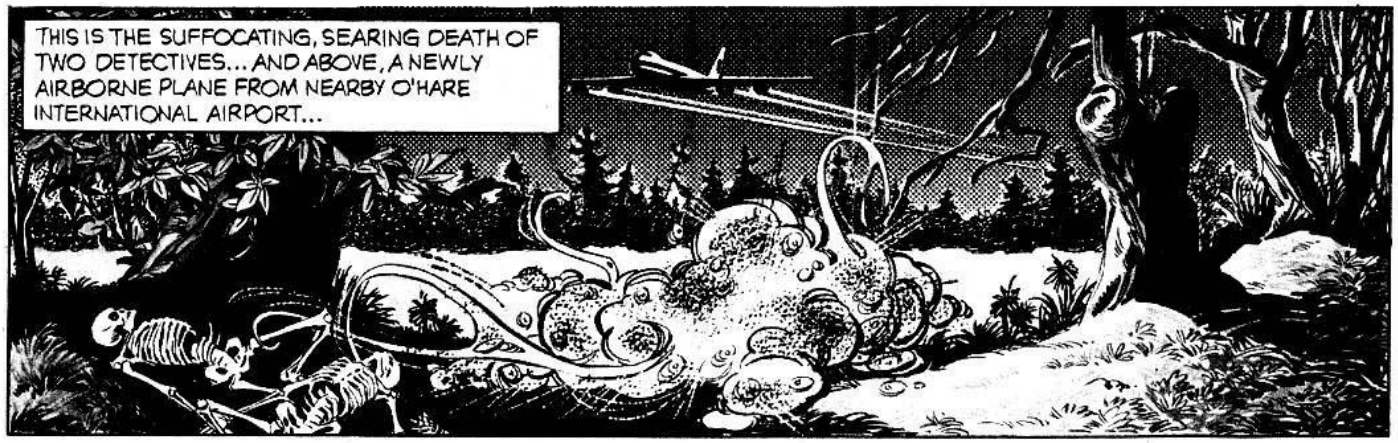
...OH...
GOD!...

AAAA GOD NO!
THIS IS THE LOATHSOME ABOMINATION, FRESHLY GORGED, MOVING AWAY FROM THE GRISLY REMNANTS OF HIS INDULGENCE...
LISTEN, PAL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING OUT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT BUT YOU'D BETTER GET OUTTA THE VICINITY. WE CAN'T EXPLAIN-- BUT IT'S DANGEROUS...
WHAT'S DAN---
JAAAAAHHH!
GOOD LORD! THE BLOB DISGUISED ITSELF AS A SECTION OF THE SIDEWALK--!
IT... IT'S... IT'S INTELLIGENT...
GODNONOGODNO
HARRY-- OMIGOD, HARRY-- DO YOU SE WHAT IT'S DOING--?!
I SEE... I SEE, FRANK.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING--?!

BDAM!
BLAM!
BDAM!
TO APPREHEND A MURDERER!
THIS IS THE DETECTIVES' ABANDONED, UNMARKED CAR... AND THE ENCROACHING MASS OF A BODY OF PROTOPLASM DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE EVEN NOW PURSUED WITH FUTILITY LESS THAN A MILE AWAY...
...UNTIL IT HAS SPREAD ITSELF INTO A VERMIN COMPLETELY COVERING THE CAR...
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

...AND THEN, ALL IS AS BEFORE... ALMOST.
USELESS-- THE THING'S IMPERVIOUS TO BULLETS -- HOW DO YOU STOP IT?!
BLAM PCHAM BLAM BDAM
YOU DON'T. C'MON -- WE'RE LICKED. LET'S TURN IN OUR REPORT.
THIS IS THE LIVING END, PURDON. WE KNOW THERE'S MORE THAN ONE OF THOSE THINGS. THEY MUST EAT OBJECTS -- LIKE BATHTUBS AND SWIMMING POOLS -- AND THEN ASSUME THE SHAPE OF THE OBJECT EATEN...
YEH... AND THEN LUNCH ON THE FIRST PERSON WHO HAPPENS BY -- ALL EXCEPT THE SKELETON. MUST BE HARD ON THEIR TEETH...
WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, FRANK -- BIG TROUBLE. THOSE THINGS COULD BE ANYTHING... ANYWHERE....
...EVEN AN UNMARKED COP CAR...
GOOD LORD!


THIS IS THE SUFFOCATING, SEARING DEATH OF TWO DETECTIVES... AND ABOVE, A NEWLY AIRBORNE PLANE FROM NEARBY O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...

...OR, A PLANE THAT IS NOT A PLANE...

...BUT IS NOW INSTEAD A PLUMMETING GLOB OF SLIME-COFFINED SKELETONS SOON TO ENGAGE IN A VIOLENT COMMUNION WITH A PROTESTING BURIAL EARTH BELOW.

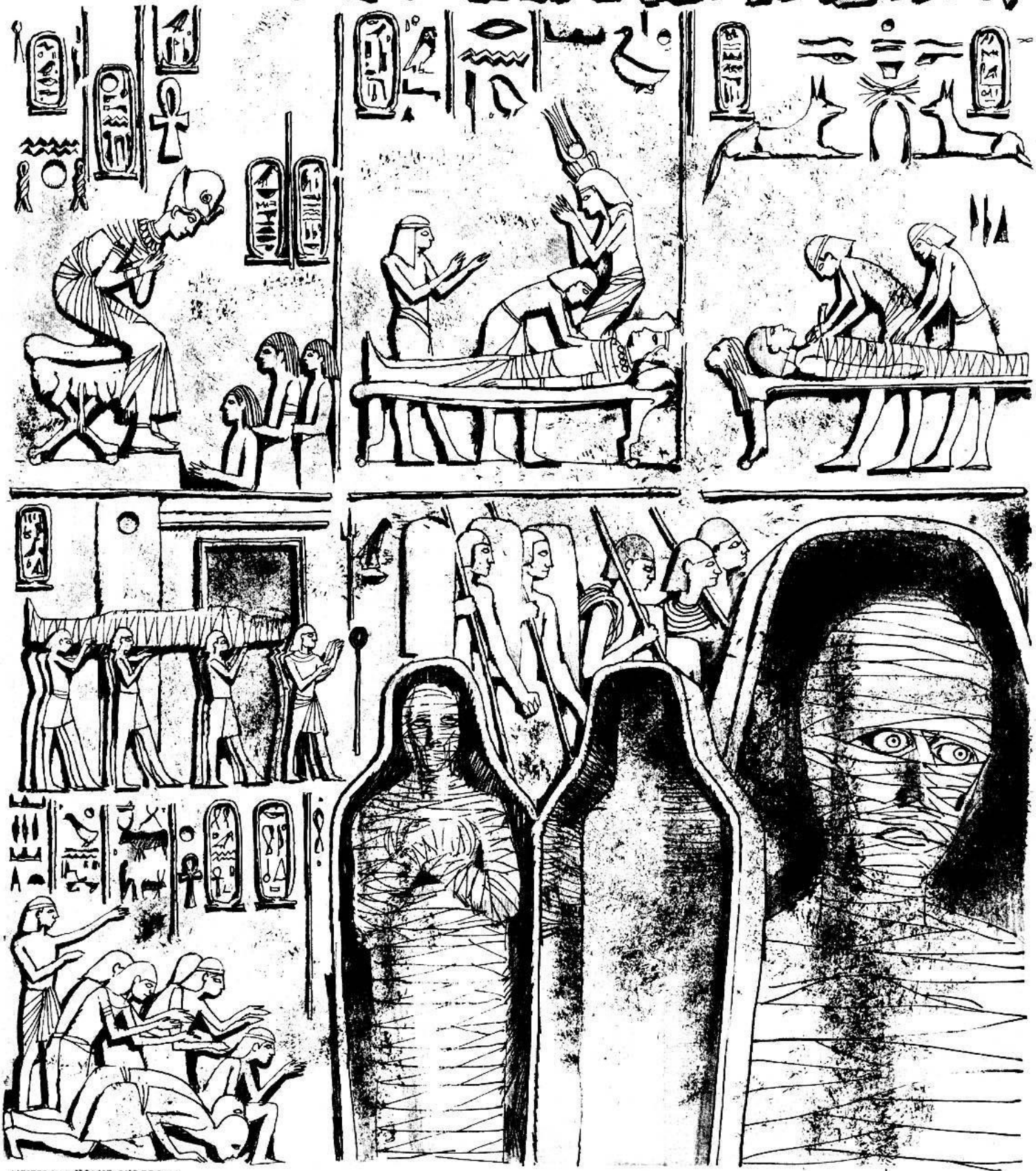
IT IS ONE DAY LATER AND A MAN RETURNING FROM WORK IS GREETED WITH AN EMBRACE...
WHEW. WHAT A DAY, HONEY -- THAT FARLEY ACCOUNT'S GOT ME ALL WRAPPED IN THE STICKIEST MESS YOU COULD IMAGINE...

...OF CORROSIVE, SMOTHERING, DISINTEGRATING DEATH.
END

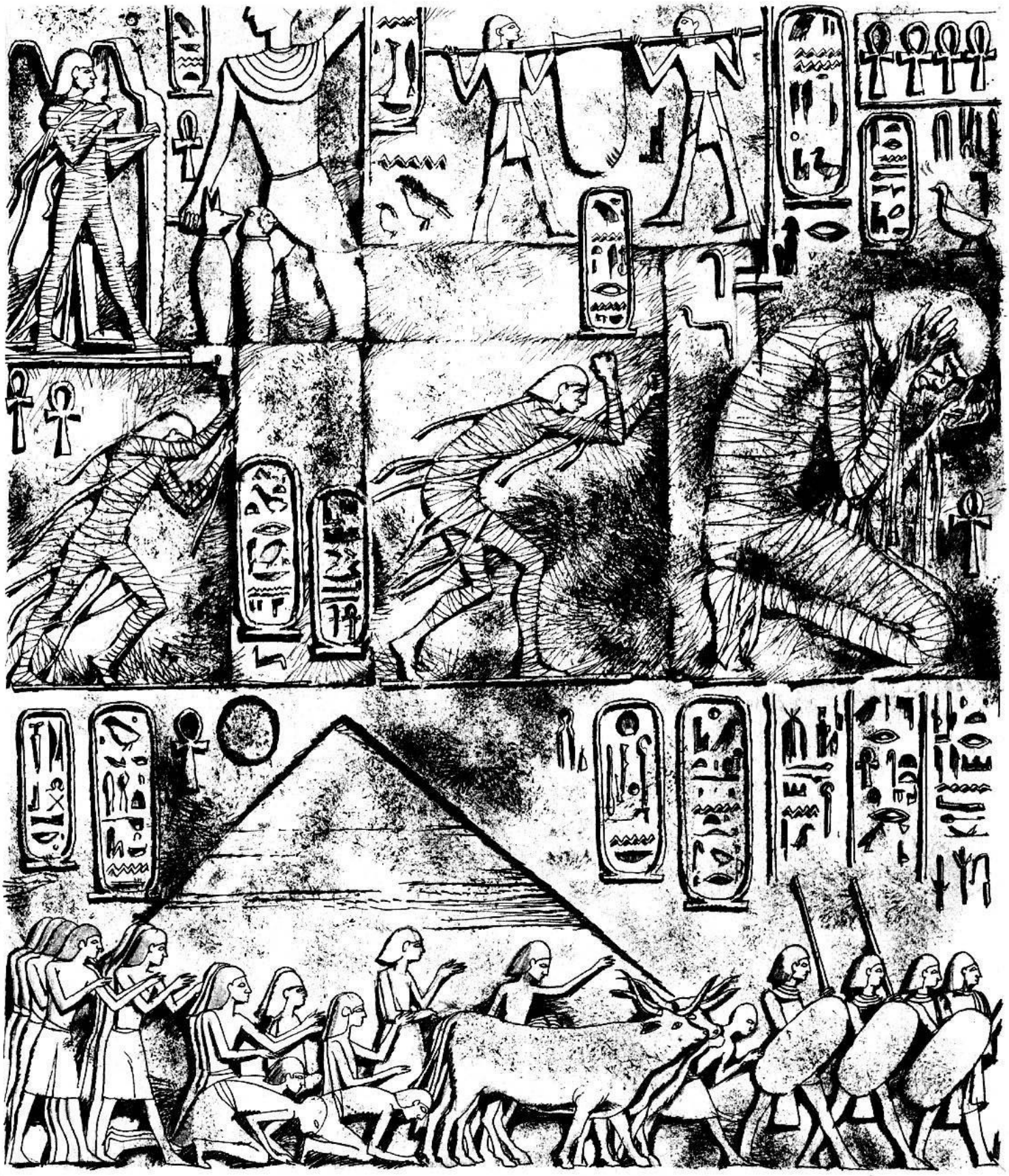
...*OLD EGYPT* IS THE *BIRTHPLACE* OF THE *COMIC MEDIUM*... FOR THE EGYPTIANS MASTERED THE ART OF TELLING HISTORY IN *PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS*... THIS STONE TABLET OF MACABRE *HIEROGLYPHICS* WAS RECENTLY *FOUND BURIED* 'NEATH THE EGYPTIAN SANDS...IT IS OBVIOUSLY A *STORY* OF SOME KIND, THO THE *AUTHOR* AND THE *ARTIST* ARE *UNKNOWN*... WE HAVE TITLED IT:

A TALE IN OLD EGYPT

THE PREMATURE BURIAL OF A MUMMY



WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON



...THE TALES OF OLD EGYPT ARE AWFUL AND ***ARCHAIC***... AND ***SUGGESTIVE***... FOR ***THIS*** PYRAMID HAS NOT YET BEEN ***FOUND*** OR ***OPENED***... BUT WHEN IT ***IS*** THEN ***GOD*** HELP US ***ALL***... FOR THEREIN IS A PREMATURELY INTERRED ***MUMMY*** WHOSE ***VENGEANCE*** WILL MAKE THE EARTH ***SHUDDER***...

ILLUSTRATED BY **DELA ROSA**

EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY

REVIEWS

NOSFERATU

weird movie-buff ED FEDORY

NOSFERATU is undoubtedly one of the outstanding horror films of all time. This 1922 silent, terror-classic masterpiece of atmospheric cinema captures many of the qualities lost in MODERN vampire movies.

When director F. W. Murnau decided to bring the FIRST adaptation of Bram Stoker's DRACULA to the silver screen, he knew the importance of MOOD and ATMOSPHERE. You look upon the face and form of his vampire and you freeze the blood that surges through your veins!

While Hollywood consistently throws 'pretty' Counts and Barons our way, NOSFERATU stands alone as the most singular and hideous 'blood-sucker' ever created! This UNDEAD menace, (portrayed in a superb and ghastly manner by Max Von Schreck) does not kill his victims by one mere pair of fang punctures . . . NO . . . like some grotesque leech in human form, he saps the life-blood of his prey over a long period of time.

As a character study of the vampire, NOSFERATU accomplishes a great deal of what Murnau intended the viewer to sense and see, (in the movie, it is hard to tell whether the vampire — Graf Orlok — is more interested in BLOOD, or WOMEN; but, let's save THIS for the finale).

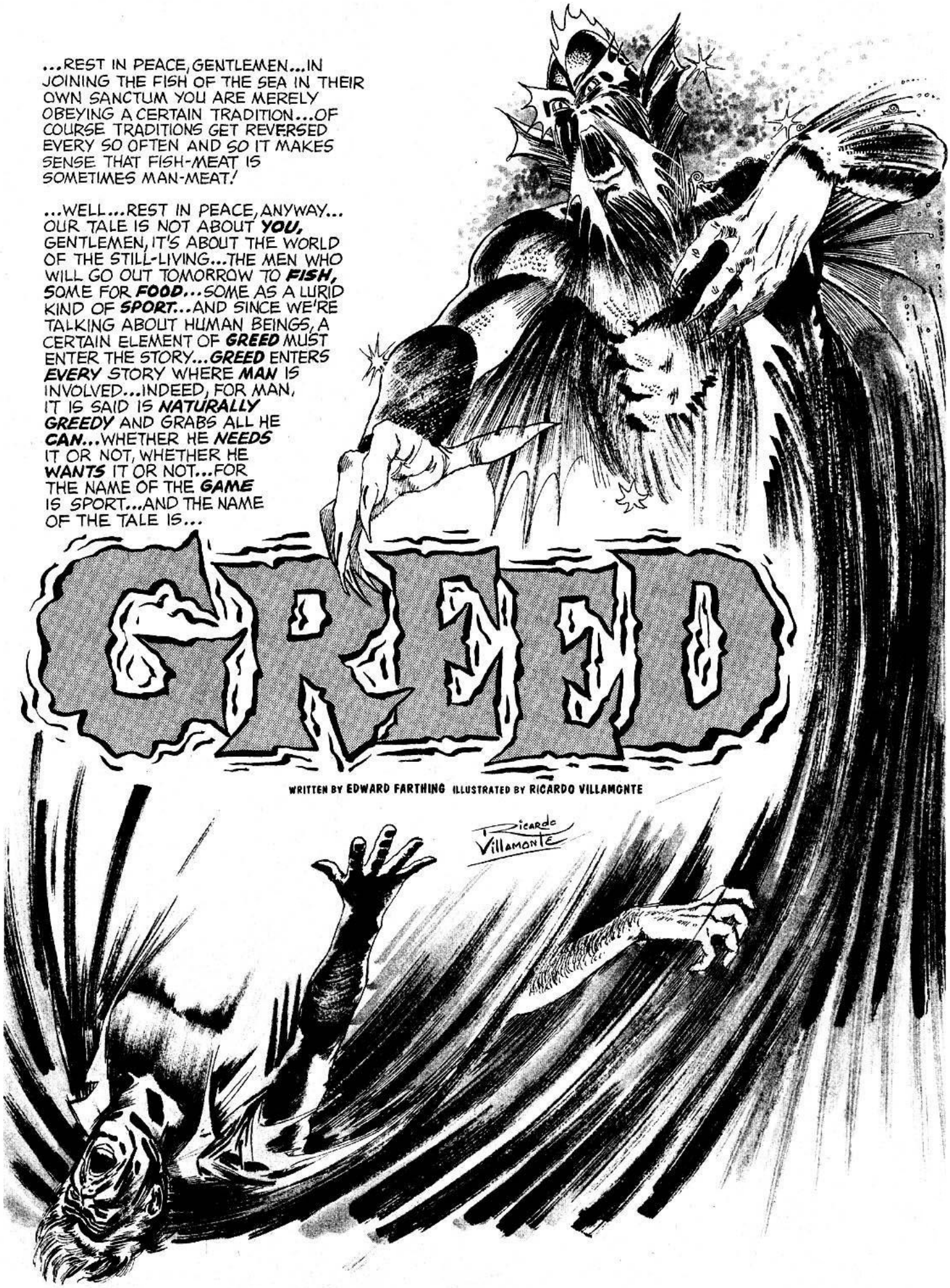
In current vampire-theme movies, we find the UNDEAD LEECH to be driven off by a whole assortment of paraphernalia: crosses, the Host, holy water, garlic, mirrors, and so on. Graf Orlok's deterrent, however, is the supernatural powers of LOVE! When a real estate agent, (in this version, called HUTTER) is about to have his blood 'let' by Graf, Hutter's wife (Ellen) awakes in Bremen, England SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY! Graf Orlok then retreats, robbed of a victim . . . by LOVE.

NOSFERATU, Graf Orlok, realizes that his supply of 'nourishment' is running low, and that the townsfolk are getting just a LITTLE suspicious. He decides to stalk a new crop of crimson food. When Ellen is confronted by the grotesque presence of Orlok, she does not withdraw, or coil in fear. Instead, she FLIRTS with him, and delays his returning to his coffin until the death giving rays of the sun slay him!

I would recommend this 63 minute journey into terror to any student of horror films. Truly, a classic of CLAMMY atmosphere and EVIL!

. . . "NOSFERATU is a 63 minute journey into terror", starring MAX VON SCHRECK as the undead menace, directed by F. W. MURNAU — it is a CLASSIC we RECOMMEND . . .

HELLUVA NICE DAY HUH, ELTON?
...YEH, FRED...
YOU'D THINK THEY'D WANNA BITE ON A NICE DAY LIKE THIS, HUH?
YEH, FRED... YOU NEVER CAN TELL...
YOU EAT 'EM, FRED?
WELL, SOMETIMES I DO...IF I GIT A PERCH OR A TROUT OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT... BUT I DON'T LIKE CATFISH AND GARBAGE LIKE THAT...BUT LOTS OF FUN TO CATCH... SOME OF 'EM REALLY GIVE YOU A FIGHT...
YEH...I MEAN, THIS IS THE FIRST DAY I'VE HAD OFF IN A MONTH AND GOD MADE IT A NICE DAY FOR ME AND I CAME OUT HERE TO GET SOME FISH AN' THEY WON'T BITE... PRETTY INDECENT OF THEM, HUH, ELTON?
OH MY GOD!
YOU EAT 'EM, ELTON?
YEH...I EAT 'EM OR I THROW 'EM BACK!
THAT'S REALLY STUPID, ELTON...WHATTA YOU WANNA THROW BACK GARBAGE FOR... NEXT GUY TO PULL IN THAT GARBAGE FISH MAY BE ME!
YOU FEEL THE BOAT ROCKIN' A BIT, FRED?
YEH... A BIT...

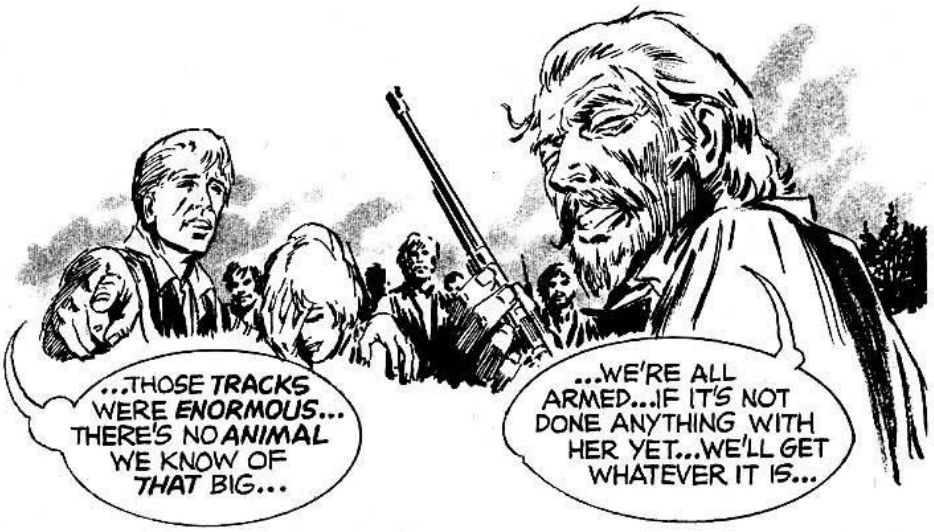

...REST IN PEACE, GENTLEMEN...IN JOINING THE FISH OF THE SEA IN THEIR OWN SANCTUM YOU ARE MERELY OBEYING A CERTAIN TRADITION...OF COURSE TRADITIONS GET REVERSED EVERY SO OFTEN AND SO IT MAKES SENSE THAT FISH-MEAT IS SOMETIMES MAN-MEAT!
...WELL...REST IN PEACE, ANYWAY... OUR TALE IS NOT ABOUT YOU, GENTLEMEN, IT'S ABOUT THE WORLD OF THE STILL-LIVING...THE MEN WHO WILL GO OUT TOMORROW TO FISH, SOME FOR FOOD...SOME AS A LURID KIND OF SPORT...AND SINCE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT HUMAN BEINGS, A CERTAIN ELEMENT OF GREED MUST ENTER THE STORY...GREED ENTERS EVERY STORY WHERE MAN IS INVOLVED...INDEED, FOR MAN, IT IS SAID IS NATURALLY GREEDY AND GRABS ALL HE CAN...WHETHER HE NEEDS IT OR NOT, WHETHER HE WANTS IT OR NOT...FOR THE NAME OF THE GAME IS SPORT...AND THE NAME OF THE TALE IS...
GREED
WRITTEN BY EDWARD FARTHING ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE
Ricardo Villamonte

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, VANESSA... NOT ANOTHER ONE!
REALLY... REALLY DADDY... HE'S HUGE AND HE'S GOT FUNNY SCABS ALL OVER HIS BODY AND HE'S JUST LIKE A FISH... COME SEE HIM DADDY... PLEEASE!!
BETTER HUMOR HER, DEAR...
BUT... BUT DADDY... HE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!
SURE... JUST LIKE THAT GIANT FROG YESTERDAY... AND THE MONSTER LIZARD THE DAY BEFORE... AT LEAST YOU'RE ORIGINAL!
BUT DADDY... LOOK HERE... HIS TRACKS...
FOOTPRINTS... THAT PROVES THERE WAS A MONSTER HERE...
'FRAID NOT... ALL IT PROVES IS THAT YOUR MOTHER WAS DIGGIN' HER FLOWER BED... THOSE AREN'T TRACKS AT ALL... THEY'RE TROWEL MARKS...
...NO WAY, VANESSA... AND NEXT TIME YOU COME BOTHERING YOUR MOTHER AND ME WITH YOUR SILLY STORIES YOU'LL BE TAKEN TO THE WOODSHED... AND YOUR MOTHER'S HAIR-BRUSH!
}SOB{ ...BUT DADDY... PLEASE... YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!
EEEAAUUHH!
...SCREAM LOUD LITTLE GIRL... SCREAN YOUR LUNGS OUT... FOR YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID... I SEEK THE VENGEANCE OF MY PEOPLE... AND I SEEK IT IN YOU!
...THIS IS WHERE THE PLOT BEGINS TO TAKE HOLD... THERE REALLY WAS A MONSTER THIS TIME... AND HE NOW LURKS NOT FAR AWAY WAITING... AND JUST WATCHING...
...THERE WAS A MONSTER... I'M GOING TO BRING HIM BACK TO PROVE IT!

BUT WHY... WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOUR PEOPLE?
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU YOURSELF DID YOUNG ONE, IT'S WHAT YOU STAND FOR! YOUR PEOPLE FOR YEARS HAVE COME AND KILLED MY PEOPLE UNDER THE SEA... AND EATEN THEM FOR FOOD! WE ARE NOT FOOD LITTLE ONE!
YOU PEOPLE OF THE SURFACE COME IN BOATS AND DROP NETS AND HOOKS... BAITING THEM WITH STRANGE MEAT... AND TRAP OUR CHILDREN...
BUT YOU CAN TALK... FISH CAN'T TALK... AND YOU'RE LIKE NO FISH I'VE EVER SEEN...
TRUE... I AM BUT ONE OF A KIND... I HAVE LIVED MANY YEARS... HAVE SEEN YOUR GRANDFATHERS AND GREAT-GRANDFATHERS LIVE AND DIE... I HAVE LEARNED YOUR LANGUAGE AND YOUR WAYS... AND I DON'T LIKE THEM!
...AND THEY MUST STOP... STOP KILLING MY PEOPLE... THEY MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON... AND YOU ARE THAT LESSON... WHEN THEY COME AFTER YOU I WILL SPEAK TO THEM... AND KILL YOU BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES... THEN THEY TOO WILL KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE CHILDREN DIE...
...LOOK AT THOSE TRACKS! THERE WAS SOME KIND OF THING HERE...
...SHE COULDN'T HAVE MADE THOSE MARKS... LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THEM... OH, JOHN, WHAT WILL WE DO?
...WELL, WE'RE NOT GOING TO PANIC... LET'S GET THE TOWNSPEOPLE TOGETHER BEFORE WE LOOK FOR HER...
I'VE DONE NOTHING TO YOU... OR YOUR PEOPLE... PLEASE DON'T HURT ME... PLEASE!
...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, LITTLE ONE...
IT'S NOT THAT I WANT TO HURT YOU... I HAVE TO... TO SHOW YOUR PARENTS... THE VILLAGERS... THAT THEIR KILLING MUST END!
...BUT I'M INNOCENT!

...YOU ARE **NOT** INNOCENT...YOU ARE **NOT** CHILD...YOU PROBABLY **ATE** THE **MEAT** OF MY **PEOPLE** LAST NIGHT FOR **DINNER**... AND YOU KILL **OTHER** ANIMALS... I'VE **SEEN** YOU...FOR **SPORT**... SPORT?...**MURDER**...TO KILL TO **EAT** IS **ONE THING**...TO KILL FOR **PLEASURE** IS **MURDER**... **GREED**...

...IT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR **YOU** TO HAVE FACULTIES THAT NO **OTHER** ANIMAL HAS...NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU ARE **OBVIOUS MASTERS** ON THIS EARTH...NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU HAVE **MORE** THAN ANY **ANIMAL** WILL EVER HAVE IN **INTELLIGENCE**... **SOPHISTICATION**...YOU NEVER HAVE **ENOUGH** OF ANYTHING... NO, CHILD, YOU ARE **EVERY-THING** BUT **INNOCENT**...



...THOSE **TRACKS** WERE **ENORMOUS**... THERE'S NO **ANIMAL** WE KNOW OF **THAT** BIG...

...WE'RE ALL ARMED...IF IT'S NOT DONE ANYTHING WITH HER YET...WE'LL GET WHATEVER IT IS...

DON'T WORRY...WE DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE IF...IF IT'S EVEN **GOT** VANESSA...SHE MAY BE JUST **LOST**...

..!FRAID **NOT**, JOHN...**LOOK**...

OH MY **GOD**... **NO, NO**... **VANESSA**...

FREEP! FREEP!

...NOW **TAKE IT EASY**...WE DON'T KNOW **WHAT** KIND OF **THING** THAT IS...WE MUST BE VERY **CAREFUL**...

...THE CREATURE FLEES... **HIGHER**... **HIGHER** TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF...

WHAT KIND OF **ANIMAL** IS THAT?... THAT **SOUND** HE MADE... IT'S **INHUMAN!**

ALL RIGHT...YOU HEARD HIM, MEN...JOHN'S LEADING THE **WAY**, NO **SUDDEN MOVES**...AND DON'T SHOOT UNTIL **HE SAYS SO!**

LOOK...THE CHILD STILL LIVES... SHE'S CRYING... HE HASN'T HARMED HER YET...
...THANK THE LORD FOR THAT...BUT THAT CREATURE OR THING MAY BECOME FRIGHTENED BY OUR NUMBERS AND DROP HER FROM THE CLIFF!
THING... CAN YOU SPEAK...CAN YOU TALK... WHAT ARE YOU ...WHAT MAN OR BEAST WOULD STEAL A CHILD FROM HER HOME!
FREEP! FREEP!
...YOU MAY BE RIGHT...EVERYBODY STAY HERE...I'M GOIN' ALONE...MAYBE I CAN DO WHAT A MOB CAN'T...
...THE SEA CREATURE WILL BE ADDRESSING TWO PEOPLES...THE MEN WHO NOW CLAMBER UP THE EDGE OF THE BLUFF...AND HIS BRETHREN IN THE WATERS BELOW...
...NO, DADDY...I MEAN IT...REALLY HE SPOKE TO ME IN ENGLISH... HE WANTS YOU TO STOP KILLING HIS PEOPLE!
OH, DADDY... SAVE ME...HE'S GOING TO KILL ME... DADDY, HE SPOKE TO ME...HE SPOKE TO ME IN OUR LANGUAGE AND...
...AND THEN SHE REALIZED... JUST AS DID HER CAPTOR
...HE'S SPEAKING TO YOU, DADDY...HE'S TALKING TO YOU... CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?...CAN'T YOU...
VANESSA... NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR YOUR STORIES... THE MONSTER DOES NOT SPEAK... HE ONLY GROWLS...
...THAT HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND ...THAT THE FISH MAN COULD ONLY SPEAK...TO HER...
GRRP
VANESSA... STOP IT! NOW LISTEN TO ME... WHEN I MAKE A SUDDEN MOVE... YOU TRY AND JUMP FREE!

IT WON'T WORK, DADDY...HE HEARD YOU...HE KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO DO...
...DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, CHILD...I'LL JUMP AT HIS LEGS...HE'LL BE SURPRISED...PROBABLY DROP YOU...THEN YOU RUN WHILE I FIGHT WITH HIM...
NOW... JUMP...FIGHT HIM TO BREAK FREE...
I CAN'T... HE WON'T LET GO...HE WON'T!!
...OH, MY JOHN... MY LITTLE VANESSA...
NO...WE'RE FALLING...GRAB SOMETHING, VANESSA...FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE GRAB SOMETHING..
THERE'S NOTHING DADDY...NOTHING TO GRAB...
FRANCISCO VILLAMONTE

...AND DEATH COMES TO THE VILLAGE OF COASTAL BLUFFS, A DEATH THAT WAS NEVER RECORDED IN THE HISTORY BOOKS...
...THE NEXT MORNING THEY WENT TO SEARCH FOR THE REMAINS...TO GIVE THE TWO A PROPER CHRISTIAN BURIAL... BUT THEY FOUND ONLY THE FATHER AND THE CREATURE...
...THEY ASSUMED HER BODY HAD BEEN WASHED OUT TO SEA DURING THE NIGHT...
...THEY DID NOT SEE THE LAST ACT OF THE MONSTER AS HE FELL OFF THE CLIFF... HE, WHO IN A DYING BREATH HAD FELT MERCY FOR THE CHILD...HE HAD THROWN THE CHILD ONTO A LEDGE AS SHE FELL...TO SAFETY... WHERE SHE WOULD BE RECOVERED...BUT OF COURSE SHE WASN'T...THEY COULDN'T SEE HER BECAUSE OF AN OVERHANGING LEDGE ABOVE...AND SO SHE WAS LEFT TO DIE...A FITTING END FOR THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE SAY SOME FOLK WE KNOW... HARSH WORDS...BUT THEN AGAIN, THE FISH FOLK TO WHOM WE REFER ARE IN A POSITION TO MAKE SUCH A JUDGMENT...

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

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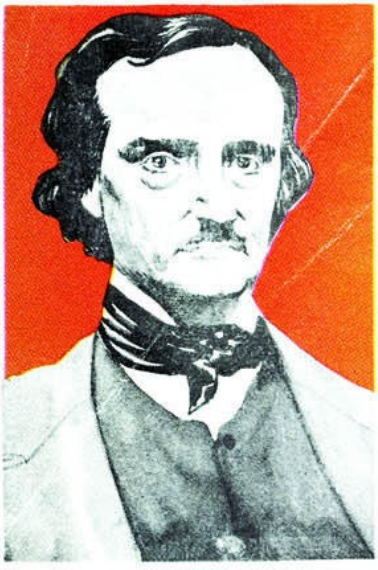

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